

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART



No. 1819

MARCH 16, 1907

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FOR MARCH. CONTENTS WILL INCLUDE

THE ENTRY OF NAVAL CADETS. By Professor EWING, LL.D., F.R.S., Director of Naval Education.

THE TEACHING OF FRENCH. By L. M. MORIARTY, M.A., Assistant Master at Harrow.

Also Entrance Scholarship Calendar for 1907, and List of Public Schools which use or are adopting the Reformed Pronunciation of Latin.

Oxford: ALDEN & CO., Ltd., Bocardo Press.
London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd.

Sales by Auction

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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

THE LITERARY WEEK

THE season of Lent continues to exercise a great deal of influence over the publications of the moment. We have had during the past week a considerable number of devotional and theological books such as Mr. Louis Elbé's "Future Life," Mr. Ion Keith Murray's "Unto a Perfect Man," Mr. J. P. Knight's "Epistle to the Colossians" and such small books of the hour as "The Living Christ, Readings for the Great Forty Days," "The Message of the Cross" and so forth. The number of small volumes seems to increase year by year as though side by side with the growth of worldliness there is also a growth of the number of those who choose this early part of spring for special devotion to the spiritual life. Even those who have long since ceased to hold with the ancient ways cannot regret this, as "man does not live by bread alone" and it is ill for a nation when it ceases to attend to the needs of the spirit.

Next week Mr. George W. E. Russell through Mr. Grant Richards will publish another volume of his observations. It would not be fair to anticipate its interest, and yet we cannot refrain from printing one little story to give a taste of what is coming. It is inspired by the want of reticence in regard to health distinctive of the modern mind.

"Ice!" exclaimed a pretty girl at dessert, "good gracious, no! so bad for indy"—and her companion, who had not travelled with the times, learned with amazement that "indy" was the pet name for indigestion. "How bitterly cold!" said a plump matron at an open-air luncheon; "just the thing to give one appendicitis." "Oh!" said her neighbour, surveying the company, "we are quite safe there. I shouldn't think we had an appendix between us."

Mr. A. C. Benson is making good progress with the "Letters of Queen Victoria," which no doubt will be the most important publication of the autumn season. It is expected that it will be out early in October. Queen Victoria was equally interesting as a woman and as a sovereign. Her very early marriage, the devotion to her of Lord Melbourne and other Prime Ministers, the sadness as well as pleasure connected with her children, and her long widowhood, render her life a kind of prose epic of womanhood. As a queen she was associated with the greatest advance in civilisation that the world has witnessed, and her reign was one of the longest and happiest and most peaceful in the annals of English history.

At Sotheby's during this last week very great interest was taken in the seven days dispersal of Sir Wilfred

Lawson's engravings which according to the *Daily Telegraph* had been valued at £4000. But by the end of the third day the total had far exceeded that sum. It was only to be expected that the rage for colour-prints and mezzotints should be followed by a sudden boom in the hitherto neglected line-engravings; and if the art-dealing market continues in its present healthy state, we shall probably hear that enormous prices have been paid for groups of wax fruit and flowers, glass paper weights with pictorial representations of the sea-side, and all the early Victorian bric-a-brac at which it is now the fashion to sneer. Delightful though the art of reproductive engraving may be, and particularly for the fortunate possessors of great collections, it is a matter of some regret that neither collectors nor dealers are able to differentiate between the æsthetic value of say Valentine Green, McArdeil, and S. W. Reynolds and the really great artists such as Rembrandt, Whistler, Blake, Calvert and others for whom the graver and the needle were instruments in the expression of original genius; the reproductive engravers when all is said and done were merely predecessors of the photographer and when they allowed their own individuality to assert itself they ceased to be faithful interpreters of the great artists of whom they were merely the unfaithful or faithful servants.

Humour has its own atmosphere, and it is an accepted axiom that the best jokes can only be appreciated by the few. This is one of the chief causes of the failure of the so-called humorous weeklies. They cannot print the witticisms which rely on local colour and a knowledge of the circumstances in which they were conceived because they would be foreign to most of their readers. These remarks are inspired by an examination of "The Club Lyre," a four-page journal produced by half a dozen Press Club wags during the campaign preceding the recent election of a new committee. "It is our proud boast," said the editors, "that no public or private utility can be discovered in the publication of this journal. We fill no long-felt want. We have no new theories to discuss, no crank views to push." The editors, not content with this confession, accentuated their defiance of Fleet Street convention by demanding sixpence a copy! Of course, no one outside the club could possibly understand any of the references or "jokes," and if the majority of the latter are very weak, the authors can find consolation in the fact that the whole paper was "written up" in less than an hour.

The dinner of the Stage Society held last Sunday evening at the Criterion Restaurant, like all the functions of this club, was admirably managed. None of the speeches were too long, and they were all to the point. Particularly interesting was that of Mr. Frederick Wheelen, who, in the regrettable absence of Sir John Gorst, occupied the chair. According to his description the reception given to dramatic works in Berlin presents a sad contrast to the state of affairs in London. For Berlin accords to alien drama the same enthusiasm which it gives to the works of native genius; and at the present moment Germany can boast of dramatists greater than their French contemporaries. The intellectuals of Berlin seem to have reached the æsthetic Nirvana of which Whistler dreamed. With true imperialism they are ready to accept the art of every country on its own merits, and they are now about to test our actors by inviting Mr. Beerbohm Tree to the city which welcomed Watteau and Voltaire.

It was frankly a little dismal after listening to Mr. Frederick Wheelen's most interesting statistics and Mr. Tree's eloquent and pointed allegories to hear Mr. Mr. J. T. Grein, "the only begetter" of the forthcoming visit, complimenting the English on the possession of their dramatic critics and on dramatists of very doubtful

authenticity. It is very much to be regretted that Mr. J. T. Grein, who was one of the pioneers of drama in England, should have fallen away from his ideal of fifteen years ago. The recent criticisms of *Hedda Gabler* (even Mr. Grein's was no exception) recall the delicious stupidities of seventeen years ago. Indeed English dramatic critics, with a few honourable exceptions are as hopelessly behind the age and out of date as the happily deceased Clement Scott. They are ignorant, they are futile. They judge a play by the effect it produces on the upper circle on the first night. The public, to do it justice, never pays the slightest attention to anything they may say: in one notorious instance the object of their obloquy has become a European classic. Surely Mr. Grein could manage to retain a well-deserved popularity in London along with his undeniable dramatic perceptions. To have omitted the name of Mr. Granville Barker places him out of court in both senses of the word.

At Terry's Theatre on Saturday, the 23rd instant, the Literary Theatre Society will give a public matinée performance of *The Persians*, by Æschylus, in a prose translation, preceded by a one-act experiment in verse—*A Miracle*, by Mr. Granville Barker. The scenery and costumes for both pieces are being designed by Mr. C. S. Ricketts. This is the first opportunity that the public will have of appreciating Mr. Ricketts's gift for stage-pictures, such as won commendation on the occasion of the private performance of *Salomé* last summer.

Perhaps the most extraordinary instance of a man becoming his own publisher occurred about fifteen years ago when a Norfolk labourer produced a small volume or pamphlet of "original poems." He had never been to school and his vocabulary could not have contained more than a couple of hundred words, while a perusal of his verse—intensely serious—gave one the impression that Thomas Thompson, the author, was either a humourist of the first water or an eccentric of the lowest intelligence. He paid no attention whatever to grammar, and the result was an exhibition of the primitive ideas of the elementary mind which the most skilful writer of "dialect studies" could not have equalled. Mr. Thompson sold his pamphlet at sixpence and reaped a greater monetary reward than the majority of those contemporaries of his who "scribbled verse" for the weekly reviews.

On the Suffragette question every one imbued, as Horace says, with Greek letters can glibly quote Aristophanes's *Ecclesiazusæ* or the *Femmes Savantes*. But the true inwardness of the Feminist movement in France from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century is little known and less cited. The last third of the seventeenth century re-stated, in as firm and clear tones as any modern, the new philosophy that was no respecter of sexes. Poulain de Barre would educate women, but did not forget the men, "comme étant de même espèce!" ("De l'Education des Dames," 1679, advertisement.) A true Cartesian, de Barre considers feminism as a result of the fall of prejudice. Unfortunately, according to him even woman herself does not know her worth; she engages in frivolities, "jetée dans la bagatelle." Bold as Plato, undaunted by the avalanche of possible Homeric laughter, de Barre would restore to women their robbed and vested rights. His Cartesianism made even the Jesuit abbé, Morvan de Bellegarde, a little later—in 1702—pen his feminist "lettres curieuses," which influenced Feijoo, another priest, author of the "Théâtre Critique" (1742).

Not many of our daily and evening papers resisted the temptation to apply the phrase "La ville lumière" to Paris in connection with the strike of the electrical workers, whereby that city was recently plunged into darkness. The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Mail*

was able to add a note of what almost amounts to tragedy to his account of the occurrence. It appears that in consequence of the failure of the electric power supply, none of the French papers were able to appear. The Paris edition of the *Daily Mail* was, needless to say, a glorious exception. It came out rather before its usual time if anything. Consequently the inhabitants of the afflicted city had to choose between reading the *Daily Mail* or not reading a paper at all. Accordingly they read the *Daily Mail* (those of them who understood English) seated in cafés whose only illumination was afforded by candles stuck in empty bottles. We must turn to Dante's "Inferno" to find a parallel to the gloomy picture evoked by the recital of these facts.

The Paris correspondent of the *Tribune* is evidently possessed of a keen sense of humour. Referring to the same incident (the strike) he writes: "One of the comic features of the situation was the plight of an old lady living in the Sentier district. She had just taken the lift to the flat when the current was cut off and she was left suspended between the third and fourth floors. Firemen had to be sent for to extricate her." One wonders whether, supposing that the Paris correspondent of the *Tribune* had been in the place of the old lady in question, the comic aspect of the case would have struck him as forcibly as it did. Truly "humour is in the eye of the beholder."

From the Luxembourg Museum, to which it was presented by public subscription, Manet's famous painting *Olympie* has been transferred to the Louvre, where it has been hung as a pendant to the *Odalisque* of Ingres in the Salle des Etats, consecrated to deceased French masters of the last century. By this momentous step the great Impressionist, whose works have excited so much controversy during the last fifty years, has received the final and highest honour official France can pay. Without drawing upon the Caillebotte collection of impressionist paintings, the Louvre will shortly possess another masterpiece by Manet, whose equally famous *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* is included in the Moreau-Nelaton collection recently bequeathed to the French Government, and temporarily housed in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, next door to the Louvre.

Two flower-pieces by Manet are also found in this valuable collection, while other impressionist painters richly represented are Claude Monet, Camille Pissarro, the Anglo-French painter Sisley, and Berthe Morisot, Manet's sister-in-law. Other notable works in the bequest are: Fantin-Latour's colossal portrait-group, *Homage to Delacroix*; the smaller version of Delacroix's *Entrée des Croisés à Constantinople*; a magnificent series of Corots, including the painter's portrait of himself; Decamps's *Jésus sur le lac de Génézareth*, and other important paintings; *Le Rêve*, and *La Foi, l'Espérance et la Charité* by Puvis de Chavannes; and *Intimité* and *l'Enfant à la Soupière* by Carrière. To these paintings must be added a collection, no less remarkable, of drawings by Ingres, Millet, Rousseau, Courbet, Boudin, Cazin, Constantin Guys, and many others.

A large and important new work by Rodin, entitled "l'Ombre," an over life-size figure of a man, will be added to the International Society's Exhibition at the New Gallery, Regent Street, next week. A few days ago the famous bust of M. Guillaume was also added to the Exhibition, in lieu of a work which was, unfortunately, broken to pieces while being packed for transport from Paris to London.

The library of the late Mr. George Gray, Clerk of the Peace for Glasgow and Town Clerk of Rutherglen, will be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on Wednesday, the 20th, and

following day. Mr. Gray was an old and well-known book-collector in Glasgow and his library was one of those described in Mason's "Public and Private Libraries of Glasgow," published in 1885. Mr. Gray's collection is strong in Scotch books. Rare editions of Scottish authors abound. Of Burns, there is a perfect copy of the first edition, Kilmarnock, 1786, another copy slightly imperfect, the second edition published at Edinburgh, in the following year, and the third edition published at London in the same year, 1787. There is also the very rare first Dublin edition, 1787, and an uncut copy in the original boards of the poems ascribed to Robert Burns, Glasgow, 1801. Several letters and songs in the autograph of Burns are also in the sale.

Mr. Gray long made a hobby of chap-books, and his large collection numbering over a thousand separate pieces will be offered in one lot at a reserve price, or otherwise in lots as catalogued. Other notable books are several of Sir William Fraser's Scottish Family Histories, several rare and curious editions of Dougal Graham's Account of the Rebellion of 1745-6 (in verse), a collection of Portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, the first edition of Archbishop Laud's Prayer Book for Scotland, printed at Edinburgh in 1637, and a Fourth Folio Shakespeare.

An important sale of rare books and manuscripts will take place at Messrs. Hodgson's Rooms in Chancery Lane, on Wednesday and Thursday next. The first day's sale includes the library of the late Dr. Roots, F.S.A., of Kingston-on-Thames, formed by him during the early part of the last century. Among other interesting items may be mentioned a unique set of ten volumes relating to Napoleon, extra-illustrated by the insertion of several hundred portraits and coloured plates of military costume; the Strawberry Hill copy of the rare History of Surrey by John Aubrey, with additional engravings, and a very fine copy of Brayley's History of Surrey, profusely extra-illustrated with original water-colour drawings by J. and E. Hassell, and other artists, old coloured prints and portraits and engravings. The same day's sale comprises many rare books, including such scarce Americana as the original editions of the Collections of Voyages by De Bry, Purchas and Hakluyt, a few early manuscripts on vellum: a printed Horæ by Hardouyn, Paris, 1520, with the woodcuts illuminated; specimens of old English and foreign bindings and books bearing the autographs of Ben Jonson, Hobbes, and Pope. An item of more general interest, perhaps, is the original drawing by "Phiz" of the famous Trial Scene in the Pickwick Papers, a facsimile of which is given in the catalogue. The second day's sale contains many fine books with coloured plates, including a large paper copy of the Military Costumes of Europe in two volumes, Ackerman's Histories of Oxford and Cambridge Universities and the Public Schools; the original edition of Chamberlaine's Imitations of Holbein and a splendid set of Gould's Ornithological Works, twenty-nine volumes bound in morocco extra. Other lots of note are an entirely uncut copy of the first edition of Milton's Paradise Regained, the original edition of "The Germ," in which Rossetti's "Blessed Damsel" was first printed, and the very scarce privately printed edition of John Ruskin's Poems, 1850.

A grand historical Pageant is to take place at St. Albans, Hertfordshire, on July 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20, at 3 o'clock each afternoon, when episodes representative of the history of St. Albans are to be given by about one thousand six hundred performers. Mr. C. H. Ashdown, F.R.G.S., of St. Albans, is the author of the "book" of the Pageant, and music for the choruses has been specially composed by Mr. W. H. Bell, Professor R.A.M. Mr. Herbert Jarman, reader and stage manager to Mr. Lewis Waller, of the Lyric Theatre, and Mr. Philip Carr, are acting jointly as Masters of the Pageant. The President of the Grand Committee is the Earl of Verulam.

LITERATURE

A CRITIC OF HER SEX

Personal Opinions Publicly Expressed. By "RITA." (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

WE cannot help regretting that the clever and vivacious lady who writes under the name of "Rita" should be so continually girding at her own sex. After all there is nothing to be proud of in being either a man or a woman, since the individual has no choice in the matter, but has to take whatever sex is thrust upon him or her. And even the relationship of the sexes is continually being modified and re-adjusted by the action of forces much more powerful than those of individual criticism. It is difficult also for the writer who wishes to shoot folly as it flies, to distinguish between those sins that belong to our common nature and those that can be attributed solely to one sex. The smart woman, for example, who is the first to feel the chastising whip of "Rita" has her counterpart in the smart man, and which is the worse of the two it would take more than genius to determine. The society butterfly "who openly declared that when she saw her first wrinkle or her first grey hair she would take a dose of poison immediately," is not without her counterpart in the other sex. Moreover, "Rita," to put the truth plainly, writes a great deal of nonsense about certain subjects. On page 108 occurs the following statement:

Anyone who has been "behind the scenes" of journalistic life knows that the mainstay of a newspaper or a magazine is its advertisement columns. An editor who receives a large and certain income from a firm of publishers takes good care that the books issued by that firm are tenderly handled by his reviewing staff. Criticism in a literary sense is rendered impossible, and the public and the author both suffer—the one because it buys trash, and the other because encouraged to write it.

The present writer has reviewed books for longer than he cares to remember and for a considerable number of newspapers, some of them well-established and rich, others living always in the region of impecuniosity. Never in the experience of some twenty years has he been asked by any editor whatever to modify his opinions with a view of pleasing the publisher or obtaining advertisements. Probably "Rita" has heard of some such practices as she describes in journals of doubtful respectability, but it is too bad to make a sweeping statement that would take in all newspapers. It is true she admits that in some two or three journals an attempt at impartial criticism is made, but it is only to return to the tune with which she set out.

Instructions often accompany a cartload of volumes: "So-and-so's best book has a big boom. Review of same lines." "This firm advertises largely with us: *praise generally.*" "B. & Co. say this is over subscribed, day of publication. Say it will be the talk of all London before long." And so on. The new author, or the author who is slowly coming to the front, are left severely alone. Their reviewing falls to the slack season. It is no uncommon thing for a book to pass into two or three editions, and be reviewed *months* afterwards as in its first!

From time immemorial the critic has had to suffer a great deal of abuse at the hands of authors, particularly of novelists. The other side of the question is not very frequently considered. Works of fiction are poured out in an unending stream from the beginning of the year to the end of it. Out of those who write these novels not one in a hundred—we might even say not one in a thousand—is fitted by Nature to undertake work of the kind. The consequence is that a novel of the highest mark does not appear once in three or four years, and of the annual crop there is not a tenth worth the trouble of reviewing. Yet it is amazing how the compilers of the silliest trash take themselves so seriously, and seem to think that a critic ought to give up his days and nights to the study of their works. As a matter of fact, the only criticism which is of use to a journal is that which does not concern itself in the slightest degree with pronouncing judgments

on this or that individual. Praising a book or slating a book is nothing. What the critic can do usefully is to work out the principles which are embodied or adumbrated in the work before him, and in this it is all the better if he forgets the individual author. In literary matters "Rita" appears to us to be fighting against the light. We are also sorry that she should have included in this book of essays such a very rude and inhospitable chapter as that which is called "The Amazing American." It consists of a violent and unmannerly attack upon the Americans delivered without inspiration and without wit. Here, for instance, is a passage typical of many others, that if addressed to a private individual could only be met with an action for libel. A nation cannot answer calumny in that way, but those who know the American men and the American women will promptly condemn such writing as this.

To business an American brings little or no honourable feeling. He is impatient of steady and honest methods. He would sooner make one dollar by a trick, than earn a hundred by fair dealing. These are the very words spoken to me by a recently returned English friend who had spent fifteen years of "business" life in New York.

Nor do we think that the Americans are likely to take "Rita" as an authorised exponent of English opinion.

After all, however, the gist of this book is to be found in "Rita's" comments on her sex. Perhaps the most favourable point for beginning an examination of these ideas will be found in the chapter headed "Recreation." Games belong to youth. Our authoress as always goes to extremes. The following description of the sporting girl of to-day only holds true of a very small proportion of those who are engaged in outdoor pastimes:

With her slang terms, her mannish dress, her avowed taste for cigarettes and "big drinks," her brusque, rough, overbearing manners, her perpetual "chaff," or her perpetual silly laughter, she is at once an annoyance and an object-lesson. A lesson in what to avoid, not in what to admire.

The girl who plays hockey or golf does not necessarily indulge in "big drinks" and smoke cigarettes. It is followed by a tirade against shooting women, but surely the number of these is very small in proportion to those who can scarcely tell the stock from the barrel of a gun. It would be just as logical to inveigh against women soldiers because here and there a woman disguised or otherwise has chosen to follow a soldier's life. Her talk of latch-keys and flats and the freedom of college life is open to the same objection. Women as a body are still bound by the chains of convention, but there never was a time when here and there an individual would not break down the barriers. If we consider what women did in the early Victorian days and what they do to-day, the comparison certainly would not be in favour of our grandmothers. The old idea that sex was predominant and that marriage itself can be described in a well-known passage from *Preciosa*, "it means to spin, to bear children and to weep, my daughter," was no very high ideal. If "Rita" will take up the pages of *Punch* and compare the women which were pictured by Leach and those that have appeared during the present century she will have to confess that the woman of to-day is, at any rate, as far as can be judged from appearances, the nobler animal of the two. What she has lost spiritually "Rita" may know, but we confess that we do not know. All is to the good, in our opinion, in the life of a man or a woman that tends to sink the idea of sex. When a girl passes an examination she is for the moment sexless; when she plays hockey or golf with all her might she is for the moment sexless; that is to say, the notion that her chief business on earth is to attract men is extinguished by her devotion to some other idea. But to keep her largely within the house, to make her concentrate her mind on dress and domesticity, is to develop that state of affairs which is described as being oversexed. Plenty of fresh air, plenty of exercise, and plenty

of interest in games and occupations into which sex does not enter, will never hinder a woman from being fit to be a mother. On the contrary, this experience will come to her in a healthy and natural manner, not in the morbidness, fever, and exaggerated feeling produced on those whose life has mostly been spent within four walls. The view that "Rita" puts forth may be needed for the purpose of moderation, but the truth here, as ever, lies between two extremes.

At any given point in the world's history, whatever general progress is being made, it will be found that some individuals are pushing on in front of the others and some are lagging behind. Any one whose eyes were concentrated either on the rear or on the van would give a distorted version of the procession. It requires a great deal of judgment to look past the accidents of the situation and ascertain clearly what is taking place in the centre of the movement. "Rita" perhaps finds it easier to obtain an effect by dwelling on the more sensational aspect. It is the penalty sobriety has to pay that its conclusions are not received with the attention given to the extremist.

A PAGAN SAINT

The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. Translated by JOHN JACKSON. With an Introduction by CHARLES BIGG. (Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d. net.)

THE *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius* are not read for their style, which is almost painful to students of classical Greek. It teems with Latinisms, like *ἀρον* for *tolle* in the sense of "remove, abstract from," as in *ἀρον τὸ βέβλαμμαι ἡται ἡ βλάβη*, "get rid of the sense of injury, and the injury itself is gone." Nor can it be said that there is any solid source of consolation in the *Meditations*, except, perhaps, for those who find comfort in the arid husks of Christian Science. Unfit as Stoicism is to furnish the private citizen with a philosophical system or a practical religion, it is eminently unsuited for a great ruler. The doctrine of the Stoics, still preached by the Society of Jesus, that the prime and sole duty of every man who comes into the world is the saving of his own soul, if propagated and promoted by the potentates of the earth, would bring about a state of things in which

Earth should stand at gaze, like Joshua's moon in Ajalon.

Marcus Aurelius, in whose person, according to Gibbon virtue was for once enthroned, grew up a studious and refined boy in an atmosphere of study and culture. When obliged to attend the brutal sports of the arena he would avert his eyes from the *coup de grace* which followed the signal of the upturned thumbs and fix them on some philosophical treatise. Yet his philosophy failed him at a critical moment. Twice during the disastrous Marcomannian war he had recourse to the magic arts of the Egyptian Arnouphis and the impostor Alexander of Abonoteichos. Dr. Bigg in his Introduction, which is brilliantly written and full of matter, writes:

From his cradle he was a beautiful soul, delicate in mind as in body, tender, truthful, docile, sweetly melancholy, a virginal flower, shrinking from the world of which he was to be the master.

A purist in language, he recoils from the use of the word meaning "to gargle," in this reminding us of the euphuists of the Shakespearean age. The most unaccountable phase in his character is his apparently sincere admiration for his wife Faustina, "so obedient, so affectionate, so simple." He even dedicated to her honour a temple in the village under Mount Taurus in which she died, and another in the Capitol in Rome, and established an institution for the support of poor girls who were to be called *Novae Puellae Faustinianae*. Stoicism had a very large tolerance for wickedness of every kind, as being quite natural. The wicked man is made that way; a bad man cannot injure

the philosopher, and even other people cannot be harmed by any one except themselves. The world's good things are indifferent. If the dishonest man deprives others of these good things, he does not injure them but himself. You should not be angry with the dishonest company-promoter or the burglar, but you ought to show them if possible how they are marring their own nature. But if this system may suit the lame slave Epictetus, it ill befits the ruler who is responsible for the security of life and property. Marcus did not exercise successful rule over anything or any one save himself. Dr. Bigg quotes an eloquent passage from Renan, who finds in the Emperor's touching patience "the inner martyrdom of a saint who through tribulation and disillusion arrives at perfect self-renunciation."

We shall never comprehend all that was suffered by that poor blighted heart, all the bitterness hidden behind that pale face, always calm, almost smiling. It is true that the farewell to happiness is the beginning of wisdom, and the surest way to find happiness. There is nothing so sweet as the return of joy, which follows the renunciation of joy; nothing so lively, profound and charming as the enchantment of the disenchanted.

Whence, then, comes the enduring attraction which the book has always had? It is the poetry, not of phrase, but of sentiment, which pervades the *Meditations*. Dr. Rendall in his admirable edition of 1898 aptly remarks:

Its "physiognomy" is unmistakable; it wins insensibly upon the reader, and becomes part of a familiar personality; the words, as was said truly of St. Paul's, "have hands and feet." The very sense of effort produces a certain uncommonness of phrase, such as gives interest and even distinction to an intelligent foreigner using a tongue and idiom not wholly familiar. Marcus hits off phrases and combinations, which, if not quite felicitous, strike the mind and stick. He never becomes rhetorical like Seneca, or prolix like Epictetus, or glib like Lucian.

To Renan this is "the most human of all books," "the gospel that will never grow old." To Matthew Arnold "the acquaintance of a man like Marcus Aurelius is an imperishable benefit." Dr. Bigg thus sums up the character of the book:

It is not a treatise, but rather the diary of a soul; the daily thoughts of a religious man, jotted down just as they occurred. We may call it a spiritual commonplace book; there are quotations from his day's readings, from Plato, Antisthenes, the poets; the rest consists of reflections upon the doctrines of his school, not reasoned out, but illustrated with an infinity of epigrams and "images." It is most like the *de Imitatione*, but less orderly. It is not an autobiography, such as the *Confessions* of Augustine, or the *Journals* of Wesley or Fox, though it begins with a slight retrospective sketch; nor is it apologetic or controversial like the *Pensées* of Pascal.

It is time to give some specimens of the translation, which is very clever and spirited. It is a pity that Mr. Jackson did not adopt some of the excellent emendations by which Dr. Rendall has greatly improved the text; for instance, *τὸ τοῦ ἐν Καίτη "ὡς περ χρῆσις"*, the Caietan's response *that depends on you*, which makes sense of a passage obelised in the translation, p. 60; and *ροπίαν* for *ιστορίαν*, vi. § 13, l. 13, where *ιστορίαν* is unintelligible, and *ροπίαν* (rhetorical) "embroidery" is eminently characteristic of post-classical Greek.

For a fine piece of character-painting we would quote his recognition of all that he owes to Rusticus, i. § 7 (p. 52), or the sketch of his father Antoninus, vi. § 30 (p. 118). We give the latter:

Remember how he would never dismiss any subject until he had gained a clear insight into it and grasped it thoroughly; how he bore with the injustice of his detractors and never retorted in kind; how he did nothing in haste, turned a deaf ear to the professional tale-bearers, and showed himself an acute judge of characters and actions, devoid of all reproachfulness, timidity, suspiciousness, and sophistry; how easily he was satisfied—for instance, with lodging, bed, clothing, food, and servants—how fond of work and how patient; capable, thanks to his frugal diet, of remaining at his post from morning till night, having apparently subjected even the operations of nature to his will; firm and constant in friendship, tolerant of the most outspoken criticism of his opinions, delighted if any one could make a better suggestion than himself, and, finally, deeply religious without any trace of superstition.

Of the more characteristic vein of philosophic reflection this is a good specimen:

O my soul, my soul! wilt thou never attain to goodness and simplicity, oneness and nakedness, and shine through the bars of thy bodily prison? Wilt thou never taste the sweets of a character loving and affectionate? never know satiety and self-sufficiency, with every craving gone and not one lingering desire for aught, quick or dead, that serves the lusts of the flesh; seeking no temporal respite for their longer enjoyment, no pleasant places, no favoured clime, and no congenial society; but content with thy present state, delighted with all about thee, and persuaded that thou holdest all things needful in fee from Heaven, that all is well with thee, and all will be well that God wishes.

In the following extract we have a more subtle comment, and the philosopher's judgment about the desirability of a Palace of Truth:

I have often marvelled how it is that every one loves himself more than the rest of human kind, yet values his own opinion of himself less than that of others. At all events, were some god or some sage to stand by a man and bid him entertain no idea, no thought, within himself without simultaneously uttering it aloud, he could not abide the ordeal for a single day. So true it is that we have more respect for our neighbours and their thoughts of us than we have for ourselves!

Furnished with the Teubner text, Dr. Rendall's translation and the present edition the reader is adequately prepared for that introduction which Matthew Arnold thought such a precious boon. The twenty pages of notes explanatory and illustrative which Mr. Jackson appends to his translation will be found very useful and interesting.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

ANGELS AND BATS

The Life of Walter Pater. By THOMAS WRIGHT. 2 vols (Everett, 24s. net.)

WE have often wished that the law, which protects a man's literary works from unauthorised publication for some years after his death, could also protect his life from the unauthorised biographer. We have before us a book which has revived that wish to a degree almost painfully acute. Such a law would have saved us the unpleasant duty of reading and reviewing Mr. Thomas Wright's life of Walter Pater.

There was no need for a biography of Walter Pater. His was a life which might well have gone unwritten for ever, or have remained briefly described in a note by some old and intimate friend. Mr. Arthur Benson's little book, indeed, though it appeared fifty years too soon, will have an interest for future ages as the judgment passed on one man of letters and gentleman by another of the generation immediately succeeding. Mr. Wright, in one of the most blatant prefaces we have read, makes a show of repairing Mr. Benson's omissions and errors. We would assure him that Mr. Benson's feeblest sentence betrays more knowledge of Pater than his own two volumes. Of the twelve counts of the indictment let us take one or two, and examine their validity. Mr. Benson says that Pater showed no precocious signs in boyhood of a desire to write. "That is to say," comments Mr. Wright, "Pater the author sprang into being like a phoenix." To any one who understands the use of words, it means, of course, nothing of the sort. But what discoveries has Mr. Wright made, what ambitious early works has he heard of, what Lipsian compositions has he rescued from their proper destination? A few poems. If the writing of poetry at school is to be held a sign of precocity, then more than half the educated inhabitants of England were, or are, precocious. Mr. Benson was perfectly right. His point was that Pater "did not arrive at his plentiful vocabulary as some writers have done by the production of large masses of writing that never see the light." Large masses of anything were out of the question with Pater, and there was no need in his case for the laborious discipline of the

"sedulous ape." Mr. Benson, we read again, does not mention Harbledown, where Pater lived as boy. Why should he? He was not stringing together unimportant details, but writing the story of the mind of a man of genius, and he kept to the point. Harbledown he could safely leave to the Mr. Wrights who were sure to come after. Mr. Benson, again, "tells nothing about the great central event of Pater's life." What is this event which Mr. Wright thus elegantly exalts to the importance of a railway system? "His connection with St. Austin's monkery"; and to omit St. Austin's monkery is "something like giving an account of Wellington and leaving out the Peninsular War and Waterloo." We have seldom seen the gifts of the chapman and the quack put to worse use. It is better to omit St. Austin's monkery than to claim for your discovery the entirely disproportionate value which, as we shall see shortly, Mr. Wright claims for his.

But enough of this. We are not defending Mr. Benson, because to those who understand and value literature, the merits, like the shortcomings, of his book are obvious; and it is of no concern to him or to the truth whether the public for whom Mr. Wright has written prefer to have their Harbledown or a generally just and sympathetic exposition of Pater's mind and character. Mr. Wright's criticisms of Mr. Benson are only so many proofs of his total failure to understand the object of biography and the man whose biography he has invited himself to write. He lives, it appears, at Olney, within walking distance of the old home of the Pater family. This fact he offers as his credentials. We submit that they are insufficient.

We can put the case in a nutshell in Mr. Wright's own words. "We are inclined to think that Pater did not see any angels at Fish Hall. As we said, we thoroughly explored the place from cellar to roof, but we saw nothing larger than bats." Mr. Wright has explored the life of Walter Pater from cellar to roof, and has seen nothing in it larger than bats. There were angels there; but he could not see them, because, nosing into every corner, he saw nothing but bats; and, at the end of his painful exploration, he offers us with a shout of self-approval—bats.

What is it that he has to tell us about Pater that can justify the publication of these two volumes? We are doing him no injustice when we say that the salient feature of his work is the insistence on two points: that Walter Pater was exceedingly ugly and that he was sadly ignorant. The first is not the quality that most impressed those who knew Pater personally; the second is not the quality that most impresses those who know and understand his work. Mr. Wright, who did not know Pater and has never understood a line of his work, sees little else in him. He loses no chance of assuring his readers that Pater was ugly. His ugliness, his physical infirmity, afford opportunities for the display of the humour than which there is nothing more shocking in these vulgar volumes. "Emerald Uthwart went soldiering. Pater, in a scarlet jacket with black facings, would have been a sight for gods and men." . . . "Some writers have said that he had a military look. God help the British army, and Britain, too, if its military men have Pater's physique and presence." And in a footnote we read: "Pater was none the worse for being extremely plain." We have never seen patronage of a great man by a man of no account carried to a more nauseating extreme. Had Mr. Wright ever spent a moment in Pater's company, no doubt the ugliness of the man is exactly what he would have noticed and remembered—the only thing, probably, that Pater would have given him the opportunity of noticing and remembering. He does not appear to have realised—in spite of a remark made by Mr. R. C. Jackson (vol. ii. p. 20)—that to those who knew and understood Pater his ugliness was not his most prominent characteristic.

The biographer, however, is not satisfied with making Pater of a painful ugliness; he is careful to explain that

the subject of his labours was really an ignorant man. He lived, we are to understand, intellectually from hand to mouth, picking up scraps of information from this friend's talk or that friend's books, and writing on Italian art, on English literature, or on Greek philosophy without any honest acquaintance with those matters. If Mr. Wright had been able to understand the lectures on "Plato and Platonism" he would not, we imagine, have declared them the work of a man who would "never take the trouble to go to the root of things." Pater's was not the knowledge of the schools: he was not a profound and exact scholar, nor a compendium of dates and attributions in art; but only those who know more than he are entitled to call him indolent and ignorant, to question the thoroughness of the knowledge which enabled him to illuminate, as he did, metaphysics, literature and art. Least of all should we expect such temerity from an author who writes of an "Aldis" Homer, and of Magdalene College, Oxford; misinterprets the letters O.U.D.S.; does not know what a chasuble is; has nothing to say of the Schloss at Heidelberg except that the tun of Heidelberg is in the cellars; credits Lionel Johnson with a piece of false Latinity, and admits that, but for Pater, Hippolytus would have remained for him (and, by unfair implication, for others) no more than "a black charioteer on a red vase." Complete ignorance of the works of Euripides is not a good recommendation for a writer on the author of "Greek Studies."

The case is still worse when we come to the relations of Pater with what Mr. Wright calls "St. Austin's monkery." A single quotation will serve to show the complete misconception of Pater's ability under which the author of this book labours. But for Camberwell and Walworth (the situations of the "monkery" and of the residence of Mr. R. C. Jackson), we read: "*Marius the Epicurean, Greek Studies, and Appreciations*, all of which were inspired by Mr. Jackson and Mr. Jackson's books and pictures, could not possibly have been written." We do not doubt that Mr. Jackson possesses a fine library (the "Aldis" Homer forms part of it); we do not doubt that Pater made use of it. To say that without it certain of his works "could not possibly have been written" is to betray woful ignorance not only of those works in particular but of the conditions of literary composition in general. We need not dwell on the point, which will be clear to all intelligent persons. The Essay on Wordsworth in "*Appreciations*," the passage dealing with Fronto in "*Marius*," are not the work of a man who had never read Wordsworth or studied philosophy except casually in the library of a friend.

Nothing, perhaps, shows more vividly our author's unfitness to deal with such a mind as Pater's than his humour and his taste. Out of a long list of passages for which offensive is none too strong a term, we will quote but three. "St. Paul, however, who does not seem to have read Pater's 'Renaissance.'" . . . "Mary the Virgin, and Venus, who apparently was not a virgin . . . hobnobbed together amicably." . . . "The aged Jupiter, who, clad in rabbit-skins—a sort of polar Robinson Crusoe—had for five hundred years pottered about the icebergs of Spitzbergen, was moving southward. In short, Olympus was once more beginning to get saucy." *Saucy!* That Mr. Wright has never read "*The New Republic*" is clear, not only from his reference to it in these volumes (in which he shows a blundering misconception of the whole case), but from his use of that single word. And after that no one will be surprised to hear that he considers Pater "the Alma Tadema of English literature," and finds in his prose a "barbaric beauty."

We could, if space permitted, take objection to several mis-statements that arise from want of acquaintance with the subject of the biography and too keen a nose for disparaging gossip. It is, for instance, quite untrue to say that Pater was a bad tutor. With pupils in whose progress he took an interest, his patience and care were

infinite. But there is one pernicious statement that must not go uncontradicted. "Though he constantly preached 'restraint' he never practised it." There is only one word that can fitly describe such a gross negation of the truth.

If Mr. Wright finds pleasure and profit in ferreting out minute and unimportant details, there are plenty of possible objects for this kind of biography on which he might exercise his talents without wholly misrepresenting the object of his attentions. What evil angel—what bat—inspired him to choose a man whose mind and character he was totally incapable of understanding, and then to patronise him? No one of responsibility, we imagine, had asked him for a life of Walter Pater. The law we suggested above would have saved him from a grievous mistake, and his readers from pain and annoyance, or from false impressions.

CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS

The Archaeology of the Cuneiform Inscriptions. By the Rev. A. H. SAYCE. (S.P.C.K., 5s.)

PROFESSOR SAYCE'S new book comprises six Rhind lectures delivered last autumn in Edinburgh, together with an article reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* on Canaan before the Exodus as revealed in the Tel el Amarna tablets. Our author may be trusted to make his subject, whatever it is, extremely interesting. Here he deals mainly with the origin and spread of cuneiform writing and some of its main teachings from the ethnographical point of view. The cuneiform system of writing obtained such wide acceptance in Western Asia amongst peoples of various races and languages that at one period it bid fair to become the standard means of record for the world, until the Phœnician alphabet, possibly derived from Egyptian hieratic, won from it all that it had conquered. The written tablet of clay, after baking, was as indestructible as a brick, and the seal upon it was inseparable, whereas a papyrus might be burnt or torn or devoured by insects, and its fragile seal was a nuisance. But it is more expeditious to write with a pen than with the triangular-headed stick by which the cuneiform scribe impressed his wedges on the damp clay, and in spite of minute and crowded characters a solid tablet weighing half a pound, and requiring at least to be elaborately dried, if not actually burned, scarcely held more text than a sheet of papyrus, which could be folded up small and despatched a few minutes after it was written and would not outweigh the half-ounce of the Postal Union. These were important considerations with the librarian and the archivist, much more so with the business man and the courier; so in the absence of a sufficiently simple type of cuneiform, the superior papyrus allied with the superior alphabet gradually drove the clay tablet and its syllabary out of the field.

The first lecture recounts the story of how the cuneiform scripts were deciphered, from Grotefend's first guess at the name of Darius to the latest find in the Hittite variety. The pictorial origins of all these scripts Professor Sayce traces in a subsequent lecture to a non-Semitic population on the shores of the Persian Gulf when Babylonia was as yet a morass, and the Tigris and Euphrates flowed by separate channels into the sea a hundred miles north of the present coast line. Archaeological exploration of a strict sort is only now reaching Babylonia, topography and the hunt for cuneiform tablets having hitherto obscured all other issues to the explorers. In seeking for origins and the influence of the neighbouring nations on each other, Professor Sayce deplores the lack of evidence from pottery and other material remains, such as is available for Egypt. Beginning among the Sumerian Babylonians, the writing was adapted to their own language by the Elamites on the East at a very early date, as well as by the Semitic inhabitants of northern Babylonia. In

the fourteenth century B.C. it was in use northward not only in Assyria and Mittani (a kingdom on the east bank of the Euphrates), but also beyond the Euphrates amongst the Hittites in Cappadocia as well as throughout Syria. In the ninth century it was borrowed by the kings of Van in Armenia, and lastly was greatly simplified by the Persians for their Indo-European tongue. Thus cuneiform served to express at least eight distinct languages. The importance of this is seen when it is remembered that only one foreign language, namely, Ethiopian, has been found in hieroglyphic (Egyptian) writing. The cuneiform inscriptions of Darius, which were the starting-point of decipherment, were trilingual and in three scripts—Persian, Babylonian and Elamite, the last being that current in the kingdom of which Susa (Shushan) was the capital.

In the early history of cuneiform, Aryan nations and Indo-European languages had no part. Nor was the Semite the inventor of the script, but the unplaced Sumerian speaking an agglutinative language like the Japanese. Professor Sayce groups the Hittite language with the Vannic and that of Mittani, but the Elamite is *sui generis*, though of the order to which Sumerian belongs. The former group is inflected and at first might be mistaken for Indo-European, but our author is positive that they are nothing of the kind. Egyptian he allows to have Semitic features, but considers it to be a branch of proto-Semitic distinct from another primary branch to which all the Semitic languages belong; and Babylonian again he would make a branch of the Semitic distinct, though secondary, from that off which the others spring.

While the whole field is full of promise, particularly now that scientific archæology is being carried into the various areas of excavation, we must especially draw attention to the wonderful results of Winckler's expedition last year to Boghas Keui in Cappadocia (briefly referred to in the Preface). That site proves to be Khatti the capital of the "forgotten empire" of the Hittites. The abundant harvest of cuneiform tablets from its citadel, including state papers, appears destined to clear up its history during the most brilliant period of its existence, shedding at the same time a flood of light on the external relations of Syria and Egypt, of Mitanni (another forgotten kingdom), Assyria, and Babylonia in the middle of the second millennium B.C., and helping to bind together the whole story of the nearest East in a manner that previously seemed almost beyond hope. The Hittites had also their own peculiar hieroglyphic writing and the unriddling of this may be expected to follow in due time when the language in which they are presumably written has been learnt from the Hittite cuneiform. Let us hope that Professor Sayce's brilliant insight will secure for England a good share of the honours.

FAMOUS WOMEN

Julie de Lespinasse. Translated from the French of the MARQUIS DE SÉGUR. (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d. net.)

Women of the Second Empire. By FRÉDÉRIC LOLIÉE. Translated by ALICE IVIMEY. (Lane, 21s. net.)

THE Marquis de Ségur's biography of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse is in every way an admirable piece of work and one which we are glad to see translated. Not only has he discovered much new material, but what is even more important he has a deep knowledge of human nature and the power of applying that knowledge to the past. In consequence his biography is not a mere record of the actions and thoughts of a personality, collected with care and arranged in more or less happy order. He is a genuine biographer: that is to say, he is able to describe those actions and thoughts in such a way that the character behind them is reconstructed and lives again. He has the faculty of expressing one age in the terms of another, and he dispenses with that distressing habit of awarding praise and blame, which turns so many

biographies into a hybrid kind of moral treatise, in which you feel a pigmy is making a desperate attempt to explain away the stature of a giant, to cut him to his moral measure. He knows the essential qualities of greatness, and quietly draws attention to their presence, regardless of the tradition which is inclined to ignore them. Tradition generally originates from the gossip of the majority, and the majority always is and always has been mediocre.

Most effective is the manner in which the Marquis de Ségur, after recounting the early misfortunes of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, first lifts the veil and shows the character that had been forming. He makes full use of the opportunity which circumstances offer him; for it is not until Madame du Deffand retired to Champfort in 1752, when Julie was twenty years old, and realised in spite of her approaching blindness that hidden in the girl whom the family systematically suppressed was a very remarkable individuality. The wise old lady's sympathy and encouragement developed it into conscious being. Briefly the story of Madame du Deffand is told, how she gained her knowledge of life and her intimate experience of its realities, and then the girl's character which the older woman's experience and knowledge of the world immediately appreciated. The contrast is enlightening, and lends the warmth of colour to the precise delineation of the girl's characteristics. With unerring instinct the essential features are given, and in three pages you see the portrait of the woman, whose vitality was so great that Guibert used to say of her with as much truth as wit, "You give life to marble: and matter thinks in your hands."

"She was plain but 'all her motions were graceful. She moved with an air. . . . The moment is all her care: she is interested in nothing by halves. The modulations of her voice half betray the secrets of a soul which, as Julie herself bears witness, are too intense and too delicate for her to dare entrust them to the treacherous interpretation of speech. 'How utterly words fail to convey what one really feels! The brain finds sounds, but the soul cries out for a new language.' . . . Tenderness alone evokes real confidence. . . . This is the real key: without it the finest qualities fail to reach her true self. It explains Julie's later criticism of Thomas. 'He is the most virtuous, the most sensible, even the most eloquent of men. His greatest fault is that he is incapable of stupidity. . . . Her standard for judging men is their feeling rather than conduct. Once more in Julie's own words: 'I estimate intentions as others value actions.'"

All this is finely said. And the result is that you cannot fail to be interested in the life of such a person even though you had never before heard of Julie de Lespinasse. For in reading a book on such lines you feel in touch with what Carlyle would call, the great sincerities of life, and they are always interesting, whether realised or not. Through all the famous career of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse the same broad strong view is apparent, and all the notable men and women whom she encountered are treated in the same masterly fashion. The book is a model of wise biography. The translation is on the whole good and clear; but it is marred by occasional lapses which should certainly be amended before the second edition is produced. It is pleasant to know that the excellence of the Marquis de Ségur's work is fully valued, as his recent election to the French Academy sufficiently proves.

Of a different nature is the second book before us. It is a chronicle of the Court of Napoleon III., as sumptuously produced as gossip about magnificent women should be. But gossip it confessedly is, accredited discreet gossip, exceedingly well written and interesting as gossip may be. To it Mr. Richard Whiteing writes a bright preface. He begins by pointing out that the book is profoundly significant with something of the interest of a great tragedy, and he has the following delightful sentence: "It is philosophy and memoir, Court gossip, and *sad stories of the fate of kings, turn and turn about.*" He uses Shake-

spere's words almost as successfully as the country clergyman who finished a sermon with remarking, "A rose by any other name would smell exactly just the same." Bless thee, Bottom, one is inclined to murmur, how art thou translated!

But M. Loliée's preface and work are more reasonable and without that desperate brightness—of a salesman exhibiting wares. He has been untiring in his search for information and successful. Though he fully realises the difficulties and limitations which press hard on one who is writing about events and people still living and alive he is never overwhelmed by them. He knows that his work cannot by any means be final, and he sets about to make his account as fresh and sound as he is able. He takes full value of the few advantages of an immediate historian. The pageant of his persons defiles before you in all its magnificence. The Empress Eugénie, who set the fashion to the women of Europe, the Countess de Castiglione, Madame de Rutz, Laure de Rothschild, the Princess Mathilde, Countess le Hon and many others—all pass on their way, and the place of each in the procession is defined. As each passes too you learn something of her character and attainments: and in a discreet whisper stories are told of her doings.

It is curious that days lately gone seem often more remote than the distant past. Such is, however, the case. Their very nearness and similarity hide them more effectually than Time itself. The savour of death and old age has not left these people; it still clings to the rustling folds of their dresses. We remember them too well. And yet M. Loliée has put life into his record of them; and his book is as profoundly interesting as Mr. Whiteing avers. The translation is well done. Moreover it is illustrated with fifty-one photographs of the celebrities, superbly reproduced, three of which are in photogravure: and the paper and printing of the book is as excellent as are the illustrations. Everything has been done to realise the splendour of these women of the second empire: the production is in accordance with the proper fitness of things.

MODERN MYSTICISM AND MODERN THOUGHT

Studies in Mysticism and Certain Aspects of the Secret Tradition.
By A. E. WAITE. (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net.)

BETWEEN ancient and modern mysticism there is a profound difference in spirit. Ancient mysticism was generally a movement of enlightenment; modern mysticism is mainly a movement of reaction. Science is now become the transcendent and pacific force in the world, the force which liberates from prejudice and sectarianism the Jew, the Catholic, the Mohammedan and the Protestant, the Vedantist, the Buddhist and the Shintoist, and which reconciles and unites them in an aspiration to a high and common end. But until the Royal Society was founded, it was the pursuit of divine knowledge that bound together in one union the saintliest men of all creeds and ages and countries. It was mysticism which then set free the Jew and the Catholic from traditionalism, the Mohammedan and the Protestant from literalism, the Buddhist from agnosticism, and the Vedantist and the Shintoist from shamanism, and which enabled them to discover, under the diverse symbolism of their theologies, the principle of a universal religion. A genuine catholicity was, indeed, the note of ancient theosophy. The quietism of Chwang Tze, a Chinese sage of the third century B.C., and of Madame Guyon, the friend of Fénelon, the ecstasy of Jelál'uddín Rûmî, a Persian monk contemporary with St. Frances of Assisi, and of St. John of the Cross, the disciple of St. Theresa; these, and the asceticism of Indian and Christian hermits, were various manifestations of a single frame of mind. For the mystic there were but two real things in the universe, his own Spirit and the Divine Spirit from whom he had been parted, and back to whom he longed to turn. Between

him and his desire there intervened his baser self with its egoism, sin and imperfectness, and the material world with its glittering misery and vain enchantments. Sometimes, in his struggle to escape from the trammels of the flesh, he set before himself the example of some beloved Master who had found out the way, and being now one with God, might be loved without idolatry. But he was never a theanthropist, like Blake, for whom there was nothing divine except man. Neither was he a pantheist. In ancient times it was the sceptic, unable to find God in his own soul and seeking Him in the sum of things, who was the pantheist. The mystic, and especially the mystic of the ascetic school, was inclined to go to the other extreme and to conceive the universe as a chaos of evil, undivine and unreal. The spirit of the world was his foe. She it was who threw her toils about his body and his soul, dazzling his senses, corrupting his heart and distracting his mind. So perverse and dangerous did she sometimes appear to him that it was only by ignoring her as a kind of illusion that he was able to save himself from becoming a Manichean.

The ancient mystic could not, like the modern man of science, study patiently and impassively the facts of nature, and trace in the seeming chaos a mysterious order, beauty and progression. He was, at best, in this matter, an impassioned philosopher inspired by the great thoughts that come from the heart. Amazed in a world almost as strange, sombre and unrecognisable as that in which the savage dwells, he guarded more carefully the light within in the absence of any light without. To him the external darkness was but the shadow cast by the brightness of God. It was the sense of his own sinfulness that troubled him most deeply. He was too sincere with himself to dismiss as an affair of relative and secondary significance, the inveterate and pervasive element of weakness in his nature. Rather than impair his idea of Divine Perfection he accepted all the limitations under which he laboured as things of man's making. He had yielded to temptation in the Garden of Eden; or he had fallen away from grace in heaven and had come down to earth to work out his salvation; or he was expiating the wrong that he had done in some earlier stage of worldly existence of which he had no remembrance. Inadequate as these simplifications of the mystery of evil may now seem, they were, at least, working hypotheses in the dark ages in which the ancient mystic lived. Indeed, as working hypotheses they have not yet lost all their efficacy. They excite in the soul, in diverse ways and diverse degrees, the feeling of sinfulness and the desire for spiritual regeneration which are part of the essence of genuine religion. In fine, they take into account just those matters of fact and experience overlooked in the sentimental philosophy of the Emersonian school which, in its various forms, is impoverishing the conscience of the English-speaking races at the present day. That philosophy of shoddy optimism and shallow feeling in which there are reflected the complacency and commonness of soul of a bourgeois people whose extreme vice is greed and whose extreme virtue is munificence, is, however, a stagnation rather than a retrogression. Probably it will not be displaced by a more profound view of life until the nature of the whole race is deepened in some great and perilous struggle and revolution. It is the mysticism of the opposite school which is, in our opinion, mainly a movement of reaction: the mysticism in which the ancient point of view in regard to the material universe and the mystery of evil is unwarrantably retained. For though the hypotheses on which the ancient point of view is based are still, to some extent, working hypotheses, yet to make full use of them an enlightened man must now stupefy himself in a manner undreamt of even in Pascal's philosophy. So much has been discovered since the last great movement of mysticism in the middle of the seventeenth century! The ultimate problems remain, but we can no longer honestly simplify them by regarding the world of nature as a thing of meaningless illusion, and the soul of

man as the tarnished spirit of a fallen creature. The world of nature, we have learned, is a seat of Divine law and Divine purpose, and the soul of man, we suspect, is the enlarged and ennobled soul of an animal which has fought its way from a lower stage of existence to a higher cruelly, painfully, and slowly in accordance with the Divine law and the Divine purpose.

It is difficult, therefore, for the modern mystic who has acquired this new knowledge of the universe and of his place therein, to impute to himself the entire responsibility for all his imperfectness. Yet he cannot, without enfeebling his conscience, treat these imperfections as things which are ultimately of little consequence. He has more light from without than the ancient mystic and less light from within. The pageantry of the world of nature has become vividly sacramental to him: the sterner message of the Law is there written so plain that even the agnostic cannot help reading it. Few problems in ethics, for instance, are now insoluble when the question of individual conduct is studied in connection with its bearing upon the question of the future welfare of humanity. The law is established as a matter of science as well as a matter of conscience. But what of the Gospel of love? To believe in this the modern mystic must be animated with a faith as transcendent as that which inspired the men of the darker ages. Hence he is sometimes tempted to turn away from the modern movement of enlightenment and to isolate himself from his fellow men and cultivate the simple ignorance amid which the ancient mystics found a way to peace and blessedness. But what in ancient mysticism was simple ignorance becomes in modern mysticism sophisticated obscurantism. In the shadow of this obscurantism there springs up a rank and noisome growth of wild superstitions. These, in turn, provoke in men with minds of a narrow but sane order a further reaction in the direction of bleak and soulless philistinism; and between superstition on the one hand and philistinism on the other, little space is left for the religion of the spirit to develop in.

There would not, we think, be any antinomy between the principles of modern mysticism and the principles of modern thought, if all men of true piety would agree to regard the mystery of evil as a mystery. It is the theologians and the philosophers who do most harm to the cause of religion and the cause of science by attempting, in a vain extravagance of rationalism, to explain everything in earth and heaven. But in spite of the theologians the simple creed of Christ remains the clearest and most catholic of creeds. As Mr. A. E. Waite says, in one of his interesting studies in the history of the secret confraternities that retain somewhat of the traditions of ancient theosophy, the mystic does not need to travel to the East in search of knowledge. In the church of Christ the gospel of Divine love is blended with the gospel of human love in an indissoluble manner that makes Christianity, when the accretions of later theologies are removed, a religion of experience of incomparable depth and universal appeal. For our part, we believe, that as soon as the forces of the New Reformation grow strong enough to sweep away all obstruction, Christian mysticism in conjunction with modern science, will quicken the heart and mind of all the people of the earth, and lift them up, on a wave of common joy and hope, into a state of civilisation far higher than any which has yet existed. But we doubt whether the new reformation is founded on what is called the New Theology.

MORE OF THE DAWN

The Dawn in Britain. Vols. v. and vi. By CHARLES M. DOUGHTY. (Duckworth, 4s. 6d. net. each.)

WITH these two volumes "*The Dawn in Britain*" is brought to an end. The poem, which opens before the time of the sacking of Rome by the Gaulish king Brennus, comes down, in the last book, to the time of the destruc-

tion of Jerusalem by Titus. At this point is the natural and fitting conclusion to the story; the promise contained in the opening lines—to chant "new day-spring, in the Muses' Isles, of Christ's eternal kingdom"—has been fulfilled. The island is at peace after the final defeat of Boadicea by the Romans; Joseph of Arimathea has died after depositing the Holy Cup in the mere of Avalon; Christianity is spreading in Britain, owing largely to the conversion of the Roman knight Pudens and his marriage to a converted British maiden; and, what most connects the end with the beginning, King Caractacus, the last of the great successors of Brennus, has died, still heathen, in exile in Rome. Few fresh characters appear in these last volumes, which contain little that is new in kind, with the exception of a passage in which King Caractacus, in a fury reminiscent of that of Ajax, hews the forest trees with his sword, and the exquisite description of Pudens's meeting with Rosmerla and their subsequent courtship and marriage. So ends the most remarkable poem of the century—in subject and in style as old as it is new, in form and in treatment as traditionally correct as it is unexpected—an epic poem in twenty-four books sprung up in these days of tinkling lyricism.

At the end there is a very terse prose note, in which the author speaks in a self-explanatory mood. All who have learned to love the poem must have turned to this note, as we did, with considerable curiosity and interest. The poets mentioned therein are but three in number—Homer, the father of European literature, Chaucer, "that admirable and estimable Author," and Spenser, to whom alone the muses "revealed their own golden and intimate tongue . . . Yet, even in his brief lifetime, English speech began somewhat to decay: nor did the daughters of Mnemosyne make him free . . . of mediæval riming." It is from this point in literary history that the "Dawn in Britain" starts. Its linguistic horizon, as the note goes on to say, "is nearly that of the days of Spenser." Learning of no mean order is essential to the equipment of a poet. "It is idle to imagine that any man not a well-taught lover of his tongue can enter into the Garden of the Muses." This and many other kinds of learning Mr. Doughty possesses to an almost prodigious extent. But that is surely not his claim to be called poet, or child of the Muses. True, a great originality and strength of character are manifested by his choice of theme. The subject is so remote and little known that a poem of heroic proportions composed thereon would seem at the first glance to be foredoomed to failure from its very obscurity and unsuitability. And if learning had been Mr. Doughty's only or chief qualification, he might indeed have aroused our interest and excited our imagination, but he would not have been able to charm our senses or touch our hearts. Other men might perhaps be found with the necessary linguistic and antiquarian acquirements, but in the mere scholar such knowledge is not a vital source of art. Mr. Doughty has been able to produce noble poetry in so far as he has discovered in his material the symptoms of life, or rather, has found himself in his subject and communicated his own life to it. Thus, although the composition of the poem was in a sense a process of compilation, there is a real likeness between "The Dawn in Britain" and a primitive epos. For while research may confirm and explain what the poet describes, it is only the poet who, by imparting life to his subject, can call up a vivid picture of the times he treats of and make us realise to any valuable extent what life was then. And it is because Mr. Doughty has succeeded in doing so that we think him a great poet.

BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA

The Natives of British Central Africa. By A. WERNER.
(Constable, 6s. net.)

THIS volume is one of the series devoted to the study and description of "the Native Races of the British Em-

pire," and Mr. Northcote Thomas, the editor of the series, makes some caustic remarks in his preface about the neglect with which the British Government and the British public treat the ethnological questions of their own empire. He states that the ethnological collections in the Berlin Museum are ten times as numerous as those in the British Museum, and he seems to foresee the time when English anthropologists may have to go to Berlin for information about races which were once our subjects. The reproach may stir up our sluggish and somnolent authorities.

Miss A. Werner, who has made a special study of the races of the Shire valley, and the country round Lake Nyasa, contributes the first volume of what should be an interesting and instructive series. She groups her information under the heading of British Central Africa, but the races with which she deals are those whose present settlements are found within the narrower limits mentioned. To these people Nyasa is the lake or water *par excellence*, and Shire is the bank or shore which marked the limit of the influence and expeditions of the Bantu people. This race, scattered over the whole of Central Africa, has representatives to-day as far to the north-west as Nigeria and Kamerun. It is not a negritic race, belonging rather to the brown stock which reveals traces of Asiatic origin or intermixture. The connecting link between all the tribes and clans of this great family is language, and the different dialects due to the conquest by other races, or by intermarriage with them, repose on a foundation of Bantu. This language, and apparently all its ramifications, have one peculiarity in possessing no grammatical gender, the same pronoun standing for male and female. In illustration of this Miss Werner recalls the story of the interpreter who turned to the missionary and asked: "What you say when him son be girl?"

There is a very interesting account of the mysteries of initiation more or less common to all branches of the Bantu family in connection with the transition from boyhood or girlhood to the grown-up state. Miss Werner says that the only systematic teaching of any sort is that given at the "mysteries," and as these cover for boys only a period of two months, and for girls one month, it would not appear as if much could be learnt in that time. The great feature of this ceremony is seclusion, and no one thinks of intruding in the spot reserved for the initiation of his pupils by the witch-doctor, or in the case of girls by "the cook of the mysteries." Twigs of trees placed in a certain manner on the paths leading to the place of instruction warn the intruding native not to approach, and the notice is always heeded. It says much for the loyalty of the native or for the strong hold that the mysteries gain over his mind that in spite of many attempts no European has yet succeeded in obtaining any details as to what is taught, or as to the ceremony of initiation. One curious fact is that all the objects or implements used during the mysteries seem to be destroyed at their termination. There is less secrecy about the mysteries in the case of girls. They are instructed in their domestic duties which include house-building, and one of the ceremonies is for ten or a dozen girls to support the roof of a house, which is supposed to typify the fact that women are the prop of the home. The girls are anointed with oil and there is so much dancing in their initiation that the whole ceremony is commonly spoken of as "being danced."

The proneness to mysticism and the extraordinary capacity of the natives to preserve silence explain the growth of secret societies in Central Africa of recent years. These are by no means confined to the Congo State. They are just as active and tending to increase on British territory. Among the Yaos in the Nyasa region one of the most active of these societies is specially given up to the practice of cannibalism. Up to the present there has been no indication that any of these secret associations on or outside British territory have political aims. They are probably the expiring effort of the fetish

doctors to recover the ground lost through the operation of European laws.

Some of the most interesting passages in this work refer to the life of children among the Bantu races. The kindness and consideration shown to children form the redeeming point in the African character. Miss Werner saw a great deal of village life among the Yaos, and she declares that she never saw a child struck or ill-treated. She describes many pretty and touching instances of the happy existence of both boys and girls before they reach the "mystery" stage. At first when they saw a white face they ran away, and the village dogs barked in sympathy, but soon they recovered confidence, accompanying the European lady in her strolls with half a dozen of them trying to hold her hand at the same time. Miss Werner has undoubtedly put together a most interesting collection of ethnographical facts with regard to one of the British divisions of Africa, and if the other volumes of the series are as well done as this is we shall have a very complete survey of the anthropology of the whole British Empire.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Raphael. Par LOUIS GILLET. (Paris: Librairie de l'Art Ancien et Moderne, 3fr. 50c.)

THE well-known series "Les Maîtres de l'Art"—to which this volume forms the latest addition—is published under the patronage of the French Ministry of Fine Arts, and consequently has a semi-official character which demands a high standard to be maintained in the authorship. M. Louis Gillet proves a well-informed and very readable biographer of Raphael, and gives in the main a satisfactory *résumé* of the results of modern scientific research into the works of this master. It is to be regretted that his own critical judgments are less equal in merit, though many are shrewd and argued with acumen. If it seems extravagant to say that *Héliodore* and *La Messe de Bolsène* are works which Titian has not surpassed in colour, M. Gillet nevertheless does well to maintain that here Raphael's art attains its zenith, and that these are his first two works thought out as paintings. Turning from these to the earlier pictures, M. Gillet finely observes:

Au fond, il n'a pas encore entendu la couleur comme la matière de l'art de peindre: il s'en sert, jusqu'alors, comme d'un voile superficiel jeté sur le dessin.

Admirable again is his discriminating appreciation of the superb *Balthazar Castiglione* at the Louvre, a portrait in which "the painter face to face with nature, forgets himself and makes himself forgotten; no more methods, no more principles, no more style. Velasquez alone, later, was to speak this supreme language." It is disappointing to find a critic, at times so discerning, following the crowd to sentimentalise over the Dresden *Madonna*: but his eulogy of this overrated work is a mere slip compared to the headlong fall entailed by an attempt to praise Raphael at the expense of his great contemporary.

Sans doute, un Michel-Ange a fait à la beauté abstraite plus de sacrifices que Raphael. Et pourtant, qui voudrait voir se lever et marcher ses *Sibylles*?

This rhetorical appeal to the Philistine is unworthy of a serious critic. As well might one seek to extol Greuze over Rembrandt by inquiring what young man would seek in marriage the Dutch master's old women.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Second Series. By ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE. (Newnes' Art Library, 3s. 6d. net.)

THE many admirers of Burne-Jones's art will welcome this second volume of reproductions, and few will be inclined to disagree with the distinguished French critic, who in his prefatory essay confidently predicts that "this second harvest will be found no whit inferior to the

first." The frontispiece is an admirable photogravure after *Vespertina Quies*, that strange wistful portrait in which Burne-Jones seems haunted by the memory of Leonardo's *Monna Lisa*; and among the remaining forty-eight reproductions in the volume are the *Pygmalion* and *Story of Orpheus* series, *Love Among the Ruins*, *Love Leading the Pilgrim*, *The Fall of Lucifer*, the portraits of *Dorothy Drew* and *Miss Gaskell*, *Clara von Bork*, the *Bath of Venus*, and a representative group of his purely decorative illustrations. In his introduction M. Arsène Alexandre institutes an interesting comparison between Whistler and Burne-Jones, "between the artist who suggests and the artist who realises," and while giving to each his due the French critic opines that "some day or other the suggestion will grow weaker and will change, by reason of a diminished preparation or an increased resistance on the part of the spectator; and then the last word is with the artist who realises, even though he be no more than a good workman, while the suggestion, on the other hand, may be full of marvellous charm." Burne-Jones was so much more than "a good workman" that some readers may dispute the justice of the comparison and the conclusion deduced therefrom, but all will find M. Alexandre's arguments of interest and his criticisms stimulating to thought.

IN THE FOREST

THOUGH I have borne the brunt of 'battled spears
Unflinching; 'neath these boughs that writhe and twist,
My heart is as a wren's heart when she hears
The litch-owl calling through the evening mist;
And falters frail—a thing of fluttering fears—
Before some shadow-plumed antagonist.

Quaking, I ride; yet know not what I dread,
Naught stirs the boding silence save the sound
Of beechmast crackling 'neath my horse's tread,
Or some last leaf that rustles to the ground;
And long it seemeth since the sun, blood-red
In sea on sea of night-black boughs was drowned.

Yet dark has not yet fallen; wavering gloom
Sweeps through the brake, and brims each hollow dank;
Empty of light the stirless pinetrees loom
Against the glistening sky; and grey and lank
The shadows rise, as ghosts from out the tomb,
And, closing, follow at my horse's flank.

But them I fear not; nor the beasts that lurk
Beneath the cavernous branches, crouching low,
Whose famished eyes burn on me through the mirk;
Spell-bound they spring not; 'neath the cleaver's blow,
Their desperate fangs would snatch the blinded stirk
Yet quail before the doom to which I go—

The unknown, death-plumed horror that at last
From its old ambush in the heart of night,
Leagued with long-thwarted perils of the past,
Shall swoop upon me with unswerving flight.
Drink, while ye may, the light that fades so fast,
O eyes, that shall not see the morning light!

WILFORD WILSON GIBSON.

THE JADED INTELLECTUALS

A DIALOGUE

SCENE.—*The smoking-room of the Elivas Club.*

CHARACTERS: LAUDATOR TEMPOREYS, *àtât* 54, a distinguished literary critic, and LUKE CULLUS, a rich connoisseur of art and life. They are neither smoking nor drinking spirits. The former is sipping barley water, the latter Vichy.

Luke Cullus. You are a dreadful pessimist.

Laudator Temporeys. Alas! there is no such thing in these days. We are merely disappointed optimists. When Walter Pater died I did not realise that English literature had expired. The event excited hardly any remark in the Press. Our leading literary weekly merely mentioned that Brasenose College, Oxford, had lost an excellent Dean.

L.C. I can hardly understand you. Painting, I admit, is entirely a lost art, so far as England is concerned. The death of Burne-Jones brought our tradition to an end. I see no future for any of the arts except needlework, of which, I am told, there is a hopeful revival. But in your fields of literature, what a number of great names! How I envy you!

L.T. Who is there?

L.C. Well, to take the novelists first: you have the great Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Rudyard Kipling, Maurice Hewlett . . . I can't remember the names of any others just at present. Then take the poets. The superb Swinburne, one of the great poets of all time; Austin Dobson, my own special favourite; and among the younger men, A. E. Housman, Laurence Housman, Yeats. Arthur Symonds, Francis Thomson, Laurence Binyon, William Watson—

L.T. (interrupting). Who always keeps one foot in Wordsworth's grave. But all the men you mention, my dear Cullus, belong to the last century. They have done their best work. Meredith has become mummy, and Henry James is sold in Balham. Except Hardy, they have become unintelligible. The theory that "to be intelligible is to be found out" seems to have frightened them. The books they issue are a series of "not at home" cards—sort of P.P.C.s on posterity. And the younger poets, too; belong to the last century, or they stand in the same relation to their immediate predecessors, to borrow one of your metaphors, as *l'art nouveau* does to Chippendale. Oh, for the days of Byron, Keats, and Shelley.

L.C. All of whom died before they were matured. You seem to resent development. In literature I am a mere dilettante. A fastidious reader, but not an expert. I know what I don't like, but I never know what I shall like. At least twice a year I come across a book which gives me much pleasure. As it comes from the lending library it is never quite new. That is an added charm. If it happens to have made a sensation, the sensation is all over by the time it reaches me. The books have matured. A quite new book is always a little crude. It suggests an evening paper. There at least you will agree. But to come across a book which Henry James published, say, last year, is, I assure you, like finding a Hubert Van Eyck in the Brompton Road.

L.T. I wish I could share your enthusiasm or that I could change places with you. Every year the personality of a new artist is revealed to you. I know you only pretend not to admire the modern school of painting. You find it a convenient pose. Your flora and your fauna are always receiving additions; while my garden is withered; my zoo is out of repair: the bars are broken; the tanks have run dry. There is hardly a trace of life except in the snake house, and, as I mentioned, the last giraffe is dead.

L.C. Our friend, Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, is fortunately able to give us a different account of the Institution in Regent's Park. You are quite wrong about modern

painting. None of the younger men can paint at all. A few of them can draw, I admit. It is all they can do. The death of Charles Furse blasted all my hopes of English art. Whistler is dead; Sargent is an American.

L.T. Well, so is Henry James, if it comes to that. And so was Whistler. But I have seen the works of several young artists who I understand are carrying out the great traditions of painting, Ricketts, Shannon, Wilson Steer are worthy successors to Turner, Watts, and the Pre-Raphaelites.

L.C. They are merely connoisseurs gifted with expressing their appreciation of the past in paint. They appeal to you as a literary man. You like to detect in every stroke of their brushes an echo of the past. Their pictures have been heard not seen. All the younger artists are committing burglary on the old masters. Mr. Wertheimer's "Gainsborough" will be found in some Chelsea Studio. The "Reynolds" will one day be sent as a new picture to the Society of Portrait Painters. No one however will recognise it. The critics will say it is archaic.

L.T. It is you who are a disappointed optimist.

L.C. Not about literature or the drama. I seem to hear with Ibsen's "Master Builder" the younger generation knocking at the door.

L.T. It comes in without knocking in my experience; and generally has *fig* leaves in its hair—a decided advance on the coiffure of Hedda Gabler's lover.

L.C. But look at Bernard Shaw.

L.T. Why should I look at Bernard Shaw? I read his plays and am more than ever convinced that he has gone on the wrong lines. His was the opportunity. He made *il gran rifiuto*. Some one said that George Saintsbury never got over the first night of *Hernani*. Shaw never recovered the *première* of *Ghosts*. He roofed our ruined Thespian temple with Irish slate. His disciples found English Drama solid brick and covered it with plaster of Paris. Yet Shaw might have been another Congreve.

L.C. *Troja fuit*. We do not want another. I am sure you have never been to the Court at all.

L.T. Oh, yes, I attended the last *levée*. But the drama is too large a subject, or in England, too small, a subject to discuss. We live, as Professor Mahaffy has reminded us, in an Alexandrian age. We are wounded with archaeology and exquisite scholarship, and must drag our slow length along. . . . We were talking about literature. Where are the essayists, the Lambs, and the Hazlitts? I know you are going to say Andrew Lang. I say it every day; it is like an Amen in the Prayer Book; it occurs quite as frequently in periodical literature. He was my favourite essayist, during the last fifteen years of the last century. What is he now? An historian, a folklorist, an archaeologist, a controversialist. I believe he is an expert on portraits of Mary Stuart. You were going on to say G. K. Chesterton—

L.C. No. I was going to say Max Beerbohm. Some of his essays I put beside Lamb's, and above Hazlitt's. He has style: but then I am prejudiced because he is the only modern artist I really admire. He is a superb draughtsman, and our only caricaturist. Then there is George Moore. I don't care much for his novels, but his essays are delightful. George Moore really counts. Few people know so little about art and yet how delightfully he writes about it. Everything comes to him as a surprise. He gives you the same sort of enjoyment as you would derive from hearing a nun preach on the sins of Smart Society.

L.T. Moore is one of many literary Acteons who have mistaken Diana for Aphrodite.

L.C. You mean he is a great dear; but he gets hold of the right end of the stick.

L.T. And he generally soils it. But you know nothing about literature. The age requires blood and Kipling gave it Condy's fluid (*drinks barley water*). The age requires life, and Moore gave us a gallant show of

Montmartre (*drinks barley water*). Even I require life. To-morrow I am off to Aix.

L.C.—Les Bains?

L.T. No, la Chapelle!

L.C. Oh, then we shall probably meet. Thanks. I can get on my own overcoat. I shall probably be there myself in a few weeks.

ROBERT ROSS.

INSPIRED JOURNALISM

THE greatest misfortune that can overtake the man of real original genius, the creator, the artist, the poet is a too rapid and too universal appreciation. It should console many a conscientious but unintelligent artisan in the dusty ways of journalism to consider that as often as he has damned or failed to appreciate good work he has helped in the development of a talent. There is no spur like that of the contempt and dislike of the vulgar. Art like Nature is very cruel. To produce her best she requires suffering and injustice. Keats did not die of an attack in the *Quarterly Review*, on the contrary he produced his finest work in answer to the attack. He died of consumption and nothing else. Shelley must have known this, if he had stopped to consider the matter calmly, for he was himself a supreme instance of the splendid results produced on genius by mockery, hatred, calumny, stupidity, and sheer brutality. Nevertheless, he was right to say what he did in "Adonais" and in the perfect piece of noble prose which he prefixed to that perfect poem. He was right, because what he said was beautiful and fine, and because it was also the direct result of the noble rage and indignation that the attack produced in him. Is the author of the *Quarterly* attack therefore to be accounted twice blessed? By no means except in the sense that according to the Cainite heresy, the apostle Judas was blessed. "The Son of Man indeed goeth as it is written of Him: but woe to that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! Good were it for that man if he had never been born."

It is quite possible that if Byron had not been savagely, and in his case quite justifiably, attacked, in the *Edinburgh Review* when he published that unfortunate work, "Hours of Idleness," he would never have written his great masterpiece, "Don Juan." He would certainly have achieved greatness in some line, for he had the fire of greatness within him and sooner or later it must have blazed out. But his greatness would probably have taken some other form. He might have been a great statesman and orator, or more likely, for he possessed too much intellectual honesty to be a really successful politician, a great writer of prose. (Incidentally, of course he was a great writer of prose as his letters demonstrate.) What forced him to be a poet was precisely the attack made on his "Hours of Idleness." I might multiply instances, but they will occur readily to my readers. Indifference and neglect produce the same result on Genius as attack, only their effect is more slow and gradual and involves more suffering to their victim, whose torture finds expression in superb creative work just as in Monsieur Maurice Maeterlinck's book ("Life and Flowers." Translated by Teixeira de Mattos. Allen), the violets at Grasse yield their sweetness to "the infinitely varied tortures inflicted upon them to force them at length to surrender the treasure which they desperately hide in the depth of their corollas."

Monsieur Maeterlinck has genius, and he began by producing splendid works of art. But nobody attacked or neglected him. He did undoubtedly incur a certain amount of mockery from the English public when his first work became known in England. *L'Intruse* and *Les Aveugles*, in my opinion the best things he ever wrote, were laughed at and parodied in England, but they were almost immediately appreciated and acclaimed in Belgium and France, and England soon followed suit when she found that she

had made a fool of herself (a not uncommon experience with her in matters of art and literature); and from the time when some sixteen years ago *La Princesse Maleine* was privately performed before the students of the University of Ghent, it may be said that, speaking broadly, Monsieur Maeterlinck has scarcely known what it is not to be enthusiastically praised. Under the scorching heat of this universal and often unintelligent praise the flower of his genius has slowly but surely drooped. It has never decayed or ceased to exist, but it has faded. When Monsieur Maeterlinck began to write about bees, and when he produced *Le Trésor des Humbles* and *La Sagesse et la Destinée* he abandoned his first manner and the peculiar style which he had used with such beautiful results in *L'Intruse*, *Les Aveugles*, *Les Sept Princesses*, *Intérieur*, and *La Mort de Tintagiles*. The inevitable result of the continual appreciation he had received began to manifest itself, and he began to write journalism. It is inspired journalism if you will, but it is journalism in this that it makes a deliberate concession to popular taste. In the present volume Monsieur Maeterlinck discourses beautifully and learnedly on "Immortality," "Our Anxious Morality," "Perfumes," and "Flowers." Most of the pieces contained in the book have appeared, a significant fact, in the *Fortnightly Review*, *Harper's Magazine*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *New York Critic*, the *International Quarterly*, and the *Daily Mail*. A great original creative genius should not write newspaper or magazine articles for translation into other languages; it savours of pot-boiling. His essay on the intelligence of flowers is a polished piece of symmetrical and finished prose; it contains much knowledge and is full of ideas and words that suggest ideas, but it is not what one requires and expects from Maeterlinck. Again, Monsieur Maeterlinck writes "In Praise of the Fist." He does it very well, but the thing has already been done (by Sandow and others) and the result is rather distressing. The same effect is produced when he writes about motor-cars; there are so many people who can write about motor-cars, that though I quite admit that Monsieur Maeterlinck does it extremely well, it seems wasteful and wicked that he should squander his genius on such a subject. Of course I shall be told that "any and every subject is proper to art" and all the rest; and I admit that theoretically there is no reason why Monsieur Maeterlinck should not write about motor-cars and boxing contests and beautify them with his art. He does beautify them, in fact he puts more beauty into them than they can carry, and the result is, to me at any rate, frankly irritating. Somebody ought to make such an attack on Monsieur Maeterlinck as would drive him in self-defence into his own natural language, the language of delicate suggestion and mystery and imaginative horror. The *Daily Mail* and *Harper's* and the *New York Critic* can find plenty of people to write "high-class literary matter" for their readers without employing and spoiling a great original genius like Monsieur Maeterlinck.

A. D.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE MYSTERY OF THE CHEAP CLASSICS

WHERE do all the cheap reprints go? Apparently the public buy them, else, you may be sure, the publishers would not continue to issue them. Not that the publishers care where they go, so long as they go. But, all the same, the publishers are undoubtedly entitled to the credit of discovering that the public will buy thousands upon thousands of copies of Gibbons's "Decline and Fall," White's "Selborne," Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," Carlyle's "French Revolution," and hundreds of other books embraced reverently under the name of "classics." Publishers are a courageous race—all gamblers

are. But they do not venture their money except upon a measure of probability, and it remains a mystery how in the name of commercial probability (not to speak of the character of the English people) they found out that the public would buy in enormous quantities the great books of the world even at a shilling a volume. But certain it is that they discovered this amazing fact, and are taking advantage of it with extraordinary energy. It is apparent that they are enjoying a good reward—money, that is, otherwise the supply would cease. For the publisher is so constituted that if the reprinting of classics does not pay, the classics must lie and rot, or fructify painfully in the minds of professors and critics.

But again, what is the destiny of these hoards of cheap reprints? If they are being read with the same eagerness as they are bought we shall very soon see a great change in the mental constitution of the British public. Some change ought to be visible already on this supposition. Can it be that the result of the last Parliamentary General Election is the first outcome of Shilling Classics? This is not a political journal otherwise we might go far with this theory, which affords quite as good an argumentative basis as many theories in those famous classics. If the iron puddler has really taken to reading Macaulay's "England" and Carlyle's "Cromwell" o' nights, while the ironmaster continues as before to buy motor-cars and ancient masters, then truly marvellous things are awaiting us. A big book for the year 2007 will be "The Influence of Cheap Classics on the British Empire." But, as we said above, this is not a political journal, and we desist from the pursuit of this fascinating theory.

Another reason for desisting is that we do not believe it ourselves. The iron-puddler is not reading Grote's "Greece" in shilling volumes; we doubt if he is buying any more copies of the "Pilgrim's Progress" than he did before. And further we do not believe that the members of the Stock Exchange are reading those books at a shilling a volume which they have hitherto neglected, to their great business advantage, at five shillings. Somehow literature is no more a popular, or even possible, subject in dining- or drawing-rooms than it was before those thousands upon thousands of volumes of great works were swallowed up by society. And that is surely an astonishing consideration. For that society is swallowing them is past doubt. You may confidently put your faith in the publishers for the truth of that fact. When the public cease swallowing the publishers may be trusted to stop producing. But whether society is absorbing them is another matter.

The other week in a journal written ostensibly for women, but containing nothing which a man might not read, we observed a statement to the effect that nothing is more decorative in a room—which room we forget—than a hanging bookcase of two shelves filled with books. Fumed-oak was recommended as a good material for the case, while for the books it was added that the various series of cheap reprints offered an inexpensive way of completing the effect. Certainly the amount of gilt bestowed on the back of these shilling books is wonderful for the money. And for all we know the effect of a row of them bounded by fumed-oak may be decorative. But can this be the destination of "Everyman in the World's Universal Classics?" Poets have wished, or have said in verse that they wished, to be the rose in a maiden's hair or the zone that clasps her waist, but they certainly did not write great poems to "decorate" a boudoir, even in days before oak was fumed. . . . No, no; "decoration" may account for a thousand or two copies of the world's classics, but there must be other destinies for the great bulk.

Perhaps the element of cheapness in itself accounts for a great many. For the world is full of people that cannot resist purchasing a thing that is cheap, or, rather, low-priced, although they do not need it. In a corner of a railway-carriage the other day sat a man reading an obviously cheap classic. A friend opposite with nothing

to read remarked, "I see you are deep in the 'Pickwick Papers'?" The other assented. "Great book, isn't it," continued the friend; "I've read it through three times." "Yes," was the answer, while the gilt back was displayed, "it is a wonderful shilling's-worth. I never thought of reading it before." There is a deep philosophy in that reply, but it does not cover the whole ground. This man's purchasing-point was one shilling, and it was also his reading-point. You can also buy Finlay's "History of the Byzantine Empire" for a shilling, beautifully gilded, but we doubt if many would read it even at a penny. Grote, Gibbon and Finlay, we think, must be exclusively decorative.

Another possibility is that there are persons who buy, for example, every edition—cheap edition we mean—of "Sartor Resartus." We know a man who possesses seven cheap editions of Shakespeare, but when asked in which play the line, "Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight," were to be found, could not tell but thought it might be *Macbeth*. But what man in England buys two copies of Burns's Poems? Two copies of Burns are not more intelligible than one.

Clearly, as we proceed, the more we assume intelligence in the purchase of these cheap libraries the more profound becomes the puzzle of their enormous sale. If we could believe that the mass of thought, imagination, and all the beautiful humanities they represent were being mentally absorbed by the British Public we should rejoice, even although we were convinced that the reading-point could not be raised above one shilling. Even at that figure it would be an impressive thought that one thousand people, say, on any evening in this present week were reading Grote's "History of Greece," and being tempted on thereby to MacCarthy's "History of our own Times." But we know it is not so.

Perhaps the secret of the whole business is to be found in the Board of Trade Returns of British Commerce. Unless we read the signs of the times wrongly, and despise the advice of every statesman, and other thoughtful persons, the Board of Trade Returns explain everything if properly interpreted. Obviously out of those thousand million pounds sterling worth of trade the purchase of a few hundred thousand shilling copies of Finlay's "History of the Byzantine Empire" is a mere fleabite. But then again must not the British people be too busy with their trade to read Finlay? After the necessary leisure for a round at golf or gazing at a football match Finlay is no fun. Away with the Board of Trade Returns; they are as dark oracles on this matter as they are on trade.

As a last resort we might ask a publisher. Thinking of it, could there be a more beautiful and appropriate subject of conversation with a publisher than the inquiry, Who buys all those thousands upon thousands of your elegant "Everyman's Universal World's Classics" at one shilling net? An intellectual publisher might be able to throw great light on this terribly obscure problem. But an ordinary publisher, a thoroughly wide-awake business-like publisher, would probably answer, The Public. Which reply merely brings us round to the proposition with which we started out. That the public buys them we know, but whether they read them, perhaps even the Times Book Club could not tell.

ADAM LORIMER.

FICTION

The Barony of Brendon. By E. H. LACON WATSON. (Brown, Langham, 6s.)

THE risk of matrimonial shipwreck is always implied when couples wed at unequal ages, and the remark applies both to the marriages of fiction and to those of actual life. There are many things that fight against the perfect blending of May and December; there is the clash of opposing interests, the desire for repose, on the one hand, conflicting

with a youthful eagerness to pursue a butterfly existence on the other. We admit that the disparity between the ages of Erasmus Scholes and Lorna Denison was not so alarming; but the chances of disaster were increased by the difference of their temperaments, Scholes being a sober, slovenly, retiring man of letters, a writer on philosophical subjects, and Lorna a rather thoughtless, pleasure-loving creature. After one tense experience, however, their barque safely enters the desired haven, and their alliance receives its complete justification. The characters are finely drawn throughout. T. K. Rattigan is especially good. The young electrical engineer, with his absorption in works of science and his fervent admiration for his friend Scholes's intellectual attainments, belongs to a type which is being produced in somewhat limited quantities by our board-schools and polytechnics. We have left mention of the Brendon barony to the last. After all, it does not matter much, although Scholes's right to assume the title doubtless had its influence on Lorna's mind when she consented to marry him. Mr. Lacon Watson writes with cultured ease; he has the patrician outlook and the urbane manner.

Her Highness's Secretary. By CARLTON DAWE. (Nash, 6s.)

It is often instructive deliberately to test the rank and file of one of the many regiments of fiction by the touchstone of the more distinguished examples of their kind. Take the "Ruritania" model, for instance—that modern crack light-cavalry corps in the romantic division. The brilliant qualities necessary to ensure its highest effectiveness are frequently overlooked. But they become apparent at once by setting such a tale as "The Prisoner of Zenda," with its vivid elegance and class, opposite the less happy "Sophy of Kravonia," written, one would think, when Mr. Anthony Hope was for the moment out of the vein. Pleasant and readable as it is the latter story barely qualifies for commissioned rank in the corps which the other deserves to lead, yet compare it again with the book before us, and it is a seasoned captain to an honest full private. To begin with, there is no mystery whatever about Mr. Carlton Dawe's "Romance." The so-much-to-be-commiserated secretary is bound to fall in love with the beautiful, harassed princess upon whom he is, through force of circumstances, compelled to spy in the interests of *la haute politique*. That is to say, the tale relies for its interest upon its characterisation and upon the excitement to be struck from the clash of wits and wills between the diplomatic and military factions in the Grand Duchy of Stressen. Unfortunately the characterisation is hardly worthy of the name. The men, indeed, do not lack definition. Moltani, the Regent, has his shoulder-shrug and his cynicism, the Duke of Brelitz his ferocity, Prince Victor his arrogance, but they are all stereotyped, and even Princess Irma's beauty and charm have to be taken on trust. The preliminary skirmishes, too, are sluggish and unaided by any distinction of style, so that it is a relief to find the hero and the heroine goaded at last by the exigencies of a desperate situation into really stirring action. The episode of the engine, the railway-bridge, and the river is certainly not wanting in imagination, while the final anti-climax, if slightly disappointing, is both daring and alas for love's young dream!—only too consistent with probability.

The Evolution of Katherine. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

LIFE? Human Nature? Character? By Heaven, no! Here you have no spark. The flint does not strike steel, and there is a wanting for events; the fuse is not baptised with fire. A glance—swift, keen—dazzling light, piercing a chink into darkness? A glance, a glimpse through the chink of a door? By Heaven, no! A Woman? No! By Heaven, again! You see here into the inmost of a man. He thinks he understands woman. Does he? You shall see. You see here a glimpse of the self-suffi-

cient, pen splashing paper as a paddle splashes water, ink flying wildly as a bat flies in the daylight. Here, then, you see, as the picture grows and the colours are not mated, the difference between a rag doll and a woman. Gross exaggeration? But, one moment! Put it to the test. Judge by results. You will find that there is something in it after all. . . . As Mr. Thurston somewhere says: "You see in this, as with a sudden light in darkness, the spark of impulse striking from the flint, igniting the tinder of revolt"; and we hasten to assure our readers that we are not so clever as the foregoing sentences would seem to suggest. The tinder of revolt has been ignited, and we have tried the effect of applying Mr. Thurston's manner and matter to the criticism of his book. It is not pleasing; but it is as pleasing as Mr. Thurston's attempt to paint men and women in this medium. Comment is almost superfluous. We advise Mr. Thurston to learn English; some of his sentences would disgrace the journalist who reported that "in the early hours of the morning a man fell out of the window and broke its thigh." We advise our author, too, to observe life. Men and women do not speak and think as Mr. Thurston writes. Of the evolution of Katherine we see nothing; what we see of the evolution of Mr. Thurston does not inspire us with any confidence as to his future. His characters bear much the same relation to life as do the emerald woods in a penny shooting-gallery.

Under the Pompadour. By E. W. JENNINGS. (Unwin, 6s.)

A STORY told in the first person is hampered by the restricted point of view involved, the impossibility of relating all things as they happen, and the modesty which prevents the hero from eulogising himself. Apart from these drawbacks Mr. Jennings has written a readable story of life in the middle of the eighteenth century, both in England and France. There are plots and counter-plots, political and personal, and although the hero, to judge by his own narration, was the most innocent idiot that ever acted cat's-paw to a lovely woman, and played cup-and-ball with kingdoms without an inkling of it, the reader finishes the book with a distinct liking for him. The heroine is quite out of the common, and very charming, and the love-affair is wisely subdued, as Mr. Jennings is not convincing in this direction. He has a real gift for phrases, if he restrains it; but his sentences are sometimes woefully long.

The Hill of Dreams. By ARTHUR MACHEN. (E. Grant Richards, 6s.)

THERE is something sinister in the beauty of Mr. Machen's book. It is like some strangely shaped orchid, the colour of which is fierce and terrible, and its perfume is haunting to suffocation by reason of its intolerable sweetness. The cruelty of the book is more savage than any of the cruelty which the book describes. Lucian shuddered at the boys who were deliberately hanging an ungainly puppy; he had thrashed the little ruffian who kicked the sick cat, before he wrapped himself away from the contact of such infamy in the shelter of his own imaginings. For in the Hill of Dreams you seem to be shown a lovely sensitive boy who has fashioned himself a white palace of beauty in his own mind. He has had time only to realise its full beauty when disease lays its cold touch upon him, and gathers him into her grip until he lies decaying and horrible, seeing his own decay and seeing that his decay makes the white palace foul. The boys did not chant songs as they looped the string round the neck of the uncouth puppy. Mr. Machen fashions prose out of the writhings of Lucian, who is dear to him: and his prose has the rhythmic beat of some dreadful Oriental instrument, insistent, monotonous, haunting; and still the soft tone of one careful flute sounds on, and keeps the nerves alive to the slow and growing pain of the rhythmic beat. Lucian in ecstasy of worship for the young girl whose lips had given him a new life, pressed his body against

sharp thorns until the white flesh of his body was red with drops of blood. That, too, is the spirit of the book. It is like some dreadful liturgy of self-inflicted pain, set to measured music: and the cadence of that music becomes intolerable by its suave phrasing and perfect modulation. The last long chapter with its recurring themes is a masterpiece of prose, and in its way unique.

A Rock in the Baltic. By ROBERT BARR. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

THIS is a commonplace book written in a commonplace way about commonplace people. There is a naval lieutenant, who has committed the foolishness of firing at a Russian rock, which is really a fort. He meets the heroine on the first page, and the heroine has just come into fifteen million dollars. They are set on a dreary round of adventures, and on the last page she is shown leaning her head trustfully on his broad shoulder. The scene changes frequently during the course of the story; but there clings to the story continually a stuffy, vulgar atmosphere that somehow suggests the inside of a motor-omnibus on a wet day.

White Fang. By JACK LONDON. (Methuen, 6s.)

IN spite of the fluency which is apparent in Jack London's writing, he has put a strange atmosphere of life into his story of the wolf-dog, White Fang, and the story in consequence has an interest of his own. He knows his business as well as he knows his public, and he knows both thoroughly. He can make a readable story against any living man. He would invent a story about a carrot as quickly as a man could wittle it into the shape of a face. And there is quality in his work. That comes from the immense pleasure which he takes in telling his tale. It is as apparent as his fluency, and is infectious. White Fang's adventures are ingeniously varied. He mounts the ladder, as it were, of civilisation. He is the son of a bitch by a wolf; he becomes a Red Indian's dog of all work; is sold by the Indian to a lunatic half-breed, who makes him savage and trains him as a fighter, until he is saved from the jaws of a bull-dog by a white man, who tames him by love. White Fang in turn saves his master's life from a desperate, escaped robber, and the book ends happily with the hero licking the nose of his puppy, for he has won the love of the house-collie. It is a capital story, marred a little by the brutality of detail given in the fight with the bull-dog.

The Undertow. By ROBERT KNOWLES. (Anderson & Ferrier, 6s.)

THIS novel belongs to the robust school of sentiment and humour blended with religious feeling that Ralph Connor has made popular on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Knowles has an admirable style of his own, simple, dignified, sincere, his sketches of a Scots community in Canada are delightful, and we rarely come across so interesting a household as that of the Wisharts. The story is worth reading for the fine portraiture of Robert Wishart alone; he is the soul of the book, though not the most prominent character. It is for Stephen, his second son, bred for the ministry, a lad of brilliant parts and weak moral fibre, that our sympathies are demanded. His impartial heart sways him with equal force towards good or evil with uncomfortable consequences to himself, and to those who love him best. The author handles Stephen's temptations and struggles with skill and tenderness, but we grudge some of the chapters devoted to his wanderings from grace, while so many more attractive people and their doings are shunted aside. "The Undertow" is a good novel, and a pleasant one, in every respect worthy of the author of "St. Cuthbert of the West."

In the House of the Eye. By W. A. MACKENZIE. (Ward, Lock, 6s)

IN the calm world of "The Grove," Highgate, in a house with a huge transparent eye fixed into the fanlight,

Owen Mannering was murdered with every circumstance of mystery. Very cleverly the author leads us off hot-foot upon a variety of false clues elaborately worked up, everything fitting in up to the latest possible moment. At least half a dozen people might have committed the crime, from Mannering's own daughter to the white nun hidden in the old oak chest. If the reader can refrain from a glance at the end of the volume he will be rewarded by a succession of exciting incidents culminating in a startling sensation. The criminal is the last person he will suspect, and the motive adduced is as strange and unlooked for as the confession itself. The tale is unusually well told, and abounds in ingenious inventions, keeping the reader on tenterhooks of curiosity; even leaving a tantalising doubt whether after all the real murderer is found.

DRAMA

MR. VACHELL'S COMEDY AT THE PLAYHOUSE

AS I walked down Northumberland Avenue last Tuesday after an afternoon spent in watching the first performance of *Her Son* at Mr. Maude's ingratiatingly comfortable Playhouse, the little girl's prayer kept beating through my heart: "Oh God, please make me pure, quite pure, absolutely pure like Cadbury's Cocoa." The play is so unconscionably noble in sentiment that you must needs try to forget somehow the play's violations of common sense and human nature. It is as though Mr. Vachell had sought out from the highest type of parlour fiction all the most sentimentally moving characters and moments, and had woven them together, rather deftly too, into a play. His comedy is the most genteel melodrama imaginable. There is never a "ha ha" and the villain's villainy evokes not a single hiss. Besides, there is no pit at the Playhouse.

Richard Gascoyne is beloved by two women. Poor fellow, it was not his fault. Crystal Wride nursed him back to life: and was not a lady. She was a bad woman with brains, an adventuress, an actress, who was actually keen on her profession. Of course when she learns that he is going to marry Dorothy Fairfax, she does not submit. She goes to that lady, who is good and stupid, and makes her promise not to see or write to Richard for a year. And Richard goes to Africa: is taken prisoner by the natives and does not come back for eight years. Many things have happened. Crystal has had a baby, and Dorothy has changed her name to Mrs. Armin to adopt it. No one knows anything of what has happened to the others, and of course each thinks the other faithless or dead or married, whereas all are really staunch and true. Except poor Richard.

He must have regretted the playful Africans many times after that eventful day when they all meet on the sands at Bournemouth. Painful Richard is no sooner out of one muddle than he finds himself deep in another. And all the time he is trying his very best to be noble. He kneels to one, and apologises to the other, and wants the little boy to say his prayers at his knee. But it is no good. He is hopelessly outplayed in nobility, scored off, in fact, on every side, as a man in the realm of pure sentiment indubitably should be.

Mr. Cyril Maude played Richard Gascoyne with convincing pathos. The scene in the second act where he strikes up a friendship with his little son on the beach he made really charming. He put a note of gay bravery into his performance of poor Richard, which was very suitable and pleasant. Miss Winitred Emery played the "rowdy kind of little woman" as well as the part could have been played. Many of the effects she gained were simple and delightful. Strangely enough Miss Wynne Matthison took the part of Crystal Wride. She struggled courageously with that impossible adventuress: but the part is beyond the reach of interpretation. It was

amazing that Miss Wynne Matthison should have been able to clothe it with as much semblance of reality as she did. The company included Miss Florence Haydon, who was admirable in a small character-study, and Mr. Alfred Bishop, as an old gentleman who is put into his proper place immediately he dares to make a suggestion bordering upon common sense.

Certainly no one who has a palate for sentiment should miss these matinées of *Her Son*. Never probably has a better company been engaged to present such a noble piece, so pure, so unadulterated by anything approaching to human nature, which is well known to be base and contaminating.

H. DE S.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MR. FROWDE is about to publish for the Royal Society of Literature Coleridge's "Christabel," illustrated by a facsimile of the manuscript, and by textual and other notes by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge. A pastel drawing of the poet forms the frontispiece of the volume.

A work on "The Bulgarian Exarchate" translated from the German of Herr Richard von Mach will be published on March 18 by Mr. Unwin. This account of the history and present position of the Bulgarian Church in Turkey should be of interest to people who study the Balkan question, since it throws light on several problems in the politics of the Near East. The Secretary of State for India has just appointed Mr. T. Fisher Unwin agent for the sale of the publications of the Indian Governments. It is perhaps not widely known that these publications include a variety of books in Indian history and archaeology, art and architecture, botany and forestry; grammars of the various Indian languages—Dafia, Kurukh, Lepcha, Lais, etc.; and the valuable series of Maps of the Indian Ordnance Survey.

"Doctor Gordon," a new novel by Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman—better known as Mary E. Wilkins—will be published on March 18 by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. Doctor Gordon, of Alton, New Jersey, the hero of the story, is a man of mystery, even to the villagers and farmers among whom he lives. The book is full of weird incidents and unexpected complications; its ending is tragic, but humour and kindly satire abound; and much of the interest depends on a curiously uncommon and delicately told love-story.

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson has with Mr. Heinemann a novel in the press entitled "Friday, the 13th." His "Frenzied Finance" caused the last great panic on the New York Exchange, and he claims for this novel that it will end stock gambling in Wall Street.

In "The Invader," a novel which Mr. Heinemann is to publish, Mrs. Woods the author of "A Village Tragedy," has broken new ground and deals with a psychological subject. The very interesting problems as they touch human lives are treated by her with seriousness as they affect the heroine, but a strong vein of fantasy runs through the book.

Under the title of "Pen, Patron and Public," Messrs. Greening are publishing a book which deals with journalism and literary life behind the scenes, and records the unpublished history of several great newspapers, both London and provincial.

Admirers of Zola's work will welcome the publication by Messrs. Greening, in their Lotus Library, of "Drink," an English version of "L'Assommoir" which many readers of Zola consider his most powerful book. The book is very attractively produced, and is of a size convenient for carrying in the pocket. Among the new novels in Messrs. Greening's list are "The Mascotte of Park Lane," by prolific Lucas Cleeve; "The Gold Worshippers," by Harris Burland; "For this Cause," by George Irving; and "Dinevah the Beautiful," by Elliott O'Donnell.

"The Love Letters of King Henry VIII. to Queen Anne Boleyn" will be published shortly by Mr. Francis Griffiths. They have been edited by Mr. Ladbrooke Black from the *Harleian Miscellany*, and Mr. Black has also written an Introduction on "The Royal Lover."—"The Dickens Concordance," by Mary Williams, which has been promised for a long time, is at length to make its appearance. It contains a complete list of the characters and places mentioned in the works of Charles Dickens, and also a full alphabetical list. It will be published shortly by Mr. Francis Griffiths.

Mr. John Long will shortly publish "The Man with the Amber Eyes," by Florence Warden. Miss Florence Warden's

invariable object is to interest and amuse her public, and not to teach or to bore them. In "The Man with the Amber Eyes" there is a mystifying plot which the most experienced must fail to pierce, and the numerous characters are well and truly drawn.

During the month of April Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will issue several novels by well-known writers, including "The Flying Cloud," a complete romance by Morley Roberts; "Needles and Pins," a sequel to "If I were King," by Justin Huntly McCarthy; "The Strongest of All Things," by Madame Albanesi; and "Colonel Daveron," by Percy White. Mr. W. W. Jacobs' new volume "Short Cruises" will appear early in April.

Messrs. Methuen announce the publication of a new book by the author of "Stephen Remark," the Hon. and Rev. James Adderley. It is entitled "Behold the Days Come: a Fancy in Christian Politics," and is an attempt to give expression to the feelings of Christian Socialists. It contends equally against official Liberalism and contented Toryism.—The same publishers also announce the publication of Mr. Ronald MacDonald's new novel "A Human Trinity," which is a story of the intrinsic unity of father, mother, and child—of the bond, spiritual as well as natural, amongst them, apart even from the ties of custom.

In "The Churchman's Treasury of Song," which Messrs. Methuen are also publishing, the Rev. J. H. Burn has brought together a large and varied anthology gathered from a wide range of devotional poetry.

CORRESPONDENCE

CAUSERIE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—I venture to suggest that we have an exact English equivalent for "Causerie" in "A Talk" which conveys the conversational tone required and is often a monologue. When the headmaster tells one of his pupils he wants a talk with him we may be sure it will be one-sided. The readers of the ACADEMY however obtain amusement as well as instruction when a "Literary talk" is signed Jane Barlow. This lady truly says that to borrow a word from a neighbour is not included in the anti-borrowing missions of Polonius but why borrow, when we have the word we want in our vocabulary?

H. D. BARCLAY.

INSCRIPTIONS IN MEDIAEVAL LATIN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Of course I am aware that mediæval Latin does not conform to classical standards: but I cannot think that any mediæval scribe would write, e.g., *oc opus* or *fontes aquarium*. And I hope that Mr. Hamilton Jackson will not take it amiss if I adhere to the opinion that a revision of these inscriptions is advisable whether he himself or Schultz be responsible for the copies. Such a revision would remove a small blemish in a brilliant book.

THE WRITER OF THE REVIEW.

March 11.

"THE GATES OF PARADISE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I constantly read in modern books and reviews of Italian Art a much reiterated phrase, which is attributed by writers to Vasari, and used by him to describe the beautiful doors of the Baptistery of S. Giovanni in Florence by Lorenzo Ghiberti. Vasari relates that Michel-Angelo called them "*fit to be the Gates of Paradise*."

Some years before Vasari wrote (1511–1574) this expression can be found at p. 239 of the early edition of Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography, who reports it to be used in praise of his own handiwork by Francis I., his patron (1545 A.D.).

It stands in the original as follows:

"Io credo certamente che se il Paradiso avesse ad avere porte—più bella di questa non sarebbe giammai."

Doubtless these fulsome words originated with Cellini, and were fresh in the mind of Vasari, when he probably unconsciously appropriated them.

WILLIAM MERCER.

March 11.

BRAKES OF ICE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am surprised that a critic of Mr. Cunningham's moderation has allowed himself to be led astray by ingenious parallels which show on his part much learning and research. If such passages however afford no help to the explanation of a crux like "Brakes of Ice" all the ingenuity expended in hunting them up is wasted. Through two columns of your valuable paper the argument runs and its crown is such a passage as

"Some furr'd on backs of Vice, and answer none";

which I venture to think the veriest tyro among Hindoo Baboos struggling with the intricacies of our tongue would blush to own. What does Mr. Cunningham's emendation mean? Is it not confusion worse confounded? Are we to take "furr'd" as the past tense and predicate to "some," or is it merely a participle qualifying "backs"? If the latter, where is the predicate to "backs." Mr. Cunningham airily remarks that the substantive verb is omitted but carefully refrains from telling us what the missing word is.

He states further that "brake" was pronounced by Shakespeare as we pronounce "bracken." Where does he obtain such information? A reference to Ellis, Victor or Sweet will I think show him that "a" was then sounded like "a" in "father" and not as the diphthong which we now use.

I submit that this passage is not a crux and much less is it intractable; "brakes" are surely bits, curbs, or restraints and "ice" is simply "cold chastity." The passage therefore simply means:

Some throw aside all restraints of chastity and are not called to any account, whilst some are condemned for a single fault.

The use of "ice," "snow" and "cold" as indicating chastity and continence is one of the commonest similes in Shakespeare, witness:

He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana; a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them,

As You Like It, iii. 4, 16-19.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.

Hamlet, iii. 1, 140, 141.

Chaste as the icicle
That's cardied by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple.

Coriolanus, v. 3, 65-67.

These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her.
All's Well, ii. 3, 99, 100.

His urine is congealed ice; [of Angelo]
Measure, iii. 2, 118.

As chaste as unsunn'd snow.
Cymb. ii. 5, 13.

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap!
Timon, iv. 3, 386, 387.

Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth.
Measure, i. 5, 57, 58.

She sent him away as cold as a snowball.
Pericles, iv. 6, 148, 149.

Snowballs for pills to cool the reins.
Merry Wives, iii. 5, 24.

Cold nymphs chaste crowns.
Tempest, iv. 1, 66.

Cold, cold, my girl! Even like thy chastity.
Othello, v. 2, 275, 276.

And compare Lear iv. 6, 120, 121.

Surely the colossal failures of commentaries like those of Zachary Jackson, Bailey, Lord Chedworth, Kinnear and Bulloch based upon misleading and far-fetched parallels should have warned Mr. Cunningham of the danger of his line of argument. What we know of Shakespeare misprints where Quarto and Folio copies have come down to us clearly shows that the solution of most cruxes is not a forced, far-fetched or crabbéd passage like this of Mr. Cunningham but a plain and simple expression as most of Shakespeare's are. In many cases passages have been put down as cruxes owing to the inability of critics to see what was staring them plainly in the face and I submit that the passage in question is one of them.

FRANCIS JOHN PAYNE.

SHELLEY AND HIS PUBLISHER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—After reading Mr. Andrew Lang's article and Mr. Haswell's remarks on the disputed stanza in the "Revolt of Islam," I cannot help thinking that, after all, the publisher, and not the poet, was in the right. To me it seems that what Shelley really meant to say in this passage was that Love was the solace of man's meditations, during which his ideas of truth, justice and pleasure became purified and exalted; and that so Mr. Ollier viewed the matter, preferring in this instance to leave the ungrammatical "can" when he altered "those" to "thou": thus putting "justice, or truth or joy" in opposition to "calm." If to the verses thus amended we add Rossetti's substitution of "heart" and "man" for "hearts" and "men"—which of course Shelley never intended—the stanza at any rate becomes no longer "an impenetrable jungle" as Mr. Lang describes it, and the scansion is certainly improved:

O love! who to the heart of wandering man
Art as the calm to Ocean's weary waves—
Justice, or truth or joy! thou only can
From slavery and religion's labyrinth caves
Guide us, etc.

Considering the purging that "Laon and Cythna" was subjected to in order to make the poem fit for publication under its new name, it is not perhaps to be wondered at that the final production should have retained traces here and there of the treatment accorded it; or that the poet's ideas were occasionally other than chaotic, when dealing with a subject so *unnatural* and *revolting*. In such a context as this the Earl of Roscommon's precept should not be lost sight of:

Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense.

UGOLINO.

A CORRECTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Commenting upon Mr. Cole's version of the line in Juvenal—"Graeculus esuriens in caelum, jusseris, ibi"—the reviewer goes on to say: "The rendering 'and bid him go to hell, etc.,' though attractive, is not to be endured." But this is an imitation, not a translation; it comes from Dr. Johnson's "London," an imitation of Juvenal's Third Satire, and the correct text of the couplet is: "All sciences afeasting Monsieur knows, and bid him go to hell, to hell he goes," not "he'll go," as quoted in the review of Mr. Cole's book.

C. S. JERRAM.

March 12.

LITERARY FORGERIES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your admirable review of Mr. J. A. Farrer's "Literary Forgeries" you rightly take exception to his including Chatterton—"the sleepless soul that perished in his pride," in his "rogues' gallery."

It is so seldom that any writer dealing with that unfortunate genius can refrain from flinging a stone at his alleged forgeries, that all admirers and students of his work are very much your debtor for so ably vindicating his memory.

Apropos of which, with your kind permission, I quote the following passage from a book of mine passing through the press of Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, entitled "Bristol and Its Famous Associations":

"In regard to the Rowley poems, it has often been asserted that they are forgeries, which term implies the counterfeiting of work already in existence. But Chatterton did no such thing, he simply hid his own genius behind a fictitious personality. When we view all the circumstances of his brief and sordid life, and take into consideration the sterile age in which he lived, with its pseudo love of the antique, it is not surprising that he masked the rich outpourings of his wondrous imagination in hoar antiquity, as the one and only way to obtain that recognition for which he longed.

"It is not without interest to note that an actual Thomas Rowley did exist in Bristol in the fifteenth century, in the person of a merchant of that name who died January 23, 1478; his tomb is in St. John's Church."

STANLEY HUTTON.

March 13.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

Brinton, Selwyn. *Humanism and Art*. Being Part IV. of the Renaissance in Italian Art, and containing a separate analysis of Artists and their works in sculpture and painting. Second edition. 7½ × 5. Pp. 79. Arnold Fairbairns, 2s. 6d. net.

DRAMA

The Works of Shakespeare: Pericles. Edited by K. Deighton. 8½ × 6. Pp. xxix, 147. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.

FICTION

- Pryce, Richard. *Towing-Path Bess*, and other Stories. 7½ × 5. Chapman & Hall, 6s.
[Fifteen short stories, mostly reprinted from various magazines.]
- Butler, Ellis Parker. *Mr. Perkins of Portland*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 171. Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.
- Scudder, Veda D. *The Disciple of a Saint*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 383. Dent, 4s. 6d. net.
- Machen, Arthur. *The Hill of Dreams*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 309. E. Grant Richards, 6s.
- Smedley, Constance. *Conflict*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 311. Constable, 6s.
- Morley, George. *A Bunch of Blue Ribbons*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 370. Alston Rivers, 6s.
- Wardle, Jane. *The Artistic Temperament*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 320. Alston Rivers, 6s.
- Roy, Olivia. *The Husband Hunter*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 342. T. Werner Laurie, 6s.
- Perrin, Alice. *A Free Solitude*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 344. Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.
- Whishaw, Fred. *The Madness of Gloria*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 320. Digby, Long, 6s.
- Wemyss, George. *The Younger Woman*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 320. Digby, Long, 6s.
- Pinkerton, Thomas. *Valdora*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 325.
- "Q." *Poison Island*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 343. Smith & Elder, 6s.
- Mackenzie, W. A. *In the House of Eye*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 320. Ward Lock, 6s.
- Knowles, Robert E. *The Undertow*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 320. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, 6s.
- Barr, Robert. *A Rock in the Baltic*. 8 × 5. Pp. 326. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.
- Oxenham, John. *The Long Road*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 316. Methuen, 6s.
- Levenson, Ada. *The Twelfth Hour*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 292. Grant Richards, 6s.
[With a Frontispiece by Frank Haviland.]
- Tweeddale, Violet. *The Sweets of Office*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 330. Long, 6s.
- Chatterton, G. G. *The Dictionary of Fools*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 313. John Long, 6s.
- Macdonald, Ronald. *A Human Trinity*. 8 × 5. Pp. 324. Methuen, 6s.
- Adderley, James. *Behold the Days Come*. 8 × 5. Pp. 243. Methuen, 3s. 6d.

HISTORY

- Souttar, Robinson. *A Short History of Mediæval Peoples*. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 682. Hodder & Stoughton, 12s.
[Index, Maps.]
- Grant, A. G. *Outlines of European History*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 368. Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.
- Bede's Ecclesiastical History of England*. A Revised Translation with introduction, life and notes, by A. M. Sellar. 8 × 5. Pp. 439. Bell, 6s. net.
[Index.]

LITERATURE

- Early English Prose Romances*. Edited by W. G. Thoms. 8 × 5½. Pp. 958. Routledge, 6s. net.
- Blewett, George John. *The Study of Nature and the Vision of God: with other Essays on Philosophy*. 9 × 6. Pp. 358. Toronto: William Briggs, n.p.
[Index.]
- The Steps of Life*. Further Essays on Happiness, by Carl Kilty. Translated by Melvin Brandow. With an introduction by Francis Greenwood Peabody. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 264. Macmillan, 5s. net.

Benson, A. C. *Beside Still Waters*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 356. Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net.

Plunkett, Charles Hare. *The Letters of One*. A Study in Limitations. 8 × 5½. Pp. 180. Smith, Elder, 5s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Smith, H. Maynard. *In Playtime*. 7 × 4½. Pp. 176. Blackwell, 3s. 6d. net.
[Nine little essays on such subjects as "Shopping," "Furnishing," and "Diaries," of which eight are reprinted from the *Treasury* and one from the *Church Times*.]
- Avebury, Lord. *Representation*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 90. Swan Sonnenschein, 1s.
[Index.]
- The Story of Wagner's *Lohengrin*, retold in English by Frederick Colin Tilney, with six pictures in colour by the author. 8½ × 6. Pp. 95. Routledge, 3s. 6d. net.
- Roberts, W. J. *The Pocket Cathedral*. 5 × 3. Pp. 15, ccvii. T. Werner Laurie, 2s. 6d. net.
- Besant, Annie. *Children of the Motherland*. 8½ × 5. Pp. 261. The Theosophical Publishing Society, 4s. net.
- Library of Congress. *Select List of Works relating to Taxation of Inheritances and of Incomes—United States and some Foreign Countries*. Compiled under the direction of Appleton Prentiss Clarke Griffin. 10 × 7. Pp. 86. Washington: Government Printing Office.
- Irving, Washington. *Rural Life in England*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 104. Routledge, 3s. 6d. net.
[Illustrated.]
- The Official Year-Book of the Church of England, 1907*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 738. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 3s.
- Darroch, Alexander. *The Children*. Some Educational Problems. 8 × 5½. Pp. 133. Jack, 1s. net.
- Joyce, P. W. *The Story of Ancient Irish Civilisation*. 7 × 4½. Longmans, 1s. 6d. net.
- Pratt, Edwin A. *German v. British Railways*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 64. King, 1s. net.
[The expansion of an article on "Railways and Trades in Germany," published in the "Financial and Commercial Supplement" of the *Times* on February 11, 1907.]
- Dale, T. F. *The Stable Handbook*. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 90. Lane, 3s. net.
[Index.]
- Heath, H. Llewellyn. *The Infant, the Parent, and the State*. With an introduction by Professor G. Sims Woodhead. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 191. King, 3s. 6d. net.
- Halid, Halil. *The Crescent versus the Cross*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 240. Luzac, 5s. net.

POETRY

- Eaton, Arthur Wentworth. *The Lotus of the Nile, and other Poems*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 110. New York: Whittaker, \$1.00 net.
- Street, Lilian. *Stray Sonnets*. 6½ × 5. Pp. 57. Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- Butler, Arthur Gray. *Charles I. A Tragedy in Five Acts*. 7½ × 5. Pp. xvi, 124. Second Edition, revised. Oxford University Press, 2s. 6d. net.
- The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* By James Boswell. Newly edited by Roger Ingpen. Part I. 10 × 7½. Pp. 96. Sir Isaac Pitman, 1s. net.
[A reprint of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," to be issued in twelve monthly parts.]
- The Monk*. By M. G. Lewis. Edited by C. A. Baker, M.A. 8½ × 5½. Pp. xix, 356. Routledge, 6s.
- Blackmore, R. D. *Lorna Doone*. 7 × 4½. Pp. 517. Sampson Low, 2s. 6d.
- Stevenson, Robert Louis. *A Child's Garden of Verse*. Introduction by Andrew Lang. 6½ × 4½. Pp. xvi, 155. Longmans, 2s. net.
[A portrait of the poet's mother forms the frontispiece to this the latest of the reprints of Stevenson's "little masterpiece." Mr. Andrew Lang's introduction, all too short, provides a pleasant note of intimate and affectionate biography.]
- Hope, Anthony. *Tristram of Blent*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 408. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.

(Selected by) Barnett, Mrs. P. A. *Song and Story*. 6½ × 4½. 3 volumes. Pp. 96, 96, 96. A. & C. Black, 6d. each.

[Constitute "Black's School Poetry" junior, intermediate, and senior. Compiled with a taste and judgment unfortunately rare among compilers of books of poetry for school use.]

The New Hudson Shakespeare. 2 volumes. *The Merchant of Venice*, and *As You Like It*. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 143, 152. Ginn & Co., 2s. each.

[For school use. Copiously and intelligently annotated.]

Malet, Lucas. *Colonel Enderby's Wife*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 220. Newnes, 6d.

Haggard, H. Rider. *Dawn*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 222. Newnes, 6d.

Dumas, Alexandre. *The Court of Monte Christo*. In 3 vols. Each 7½ × 5. Pp. 560, 552, 532. Dent, n.p.

Dumas, Alexandre. *Marguerite de Valois*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 327. Dent, n.p.

SCIENCE.

Williamson, John. *Science in Living and the Creator's Purpose in Human Life*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 323. Routledge, 3s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

Magnus, Laurie. *Religio Laici Judaica*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 178. Routledge, 2s. 6d. net.

[In part re-written from the author's recent contributions to the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, the *Fortnightly Review*, and the *Jewish World*.]

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